e Saturday Evening Post · December 31, 1966 · January 7, 1967 · 35c

POST

SPECIAL ISSUE
LOVE IN AMERICA

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The Saturday Evening
POST

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Ben Franklin

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About this issue

Otto Friedrich, William Emerson, Thomas Congdon

To finish the year with a flourish, editors WILLIAM EMERSON and OTTO FRIEDRICH decided to put out a special issue. Numerous topics were suggested, but it was editor THOMAS CONGDON who came up with the theme *Love in America*, and he was promptly put in charge of developing the issue. After spending three long months on the national phenomenon, Congdon is looking forward to devoting some time to his local loves: his wife, Constance, and their two young daughters.... The historical look at love in America is by ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR., whose book about President Kennedy, *A Thousand Days*, won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1966.... America's loveless are described by NORMAN ROSTEN, whose latest book of poems, *Thrive Upon the Rock*, was recently published by Trident Press.... The love map of the U.S.A. was painted by BLAKE HAMPTON, who produced the Ben Franklin cover for the first *Post* issue of 1966. . . . ANN BAYER, an attractive young associate editor, solemnly maintains that every word of the story of her experiences with dating by computer is the truth.... After the Elmo Roper interviewers had fed their questionnaires into the computer, editor SANDFORD BROWN took the resulting statistics and marshaled them into an article. He wrote from a hospital bed—he was undergoing some tests—and it is reported that, when he finished, his room was knee-deep in number-speckled paper. . . . WAYNE MILLER, whose photographs document The Seven Ages of Love, has published a book called *The World Is Young*, a photographic exploration of childhood. / Cover photo by DAN WYNN.

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LOVE IN AMERICA

This special holiday issue is devoted entirely to one fundamental subject—to love in all its dimensions. Nothing matters more to more people. No other interest cuts so broadly across all the ages and stations of life to touch every human being so powerfully. No other endeavor consumes more of our energies than the quest for love, the nourishing and enjoyment of it, the mourning for it if it dies. Love is the one universal human involvement, and the most personal. We hope that the reader will find in these pages love's surprise, its beauty and delight.

THE EDITORS

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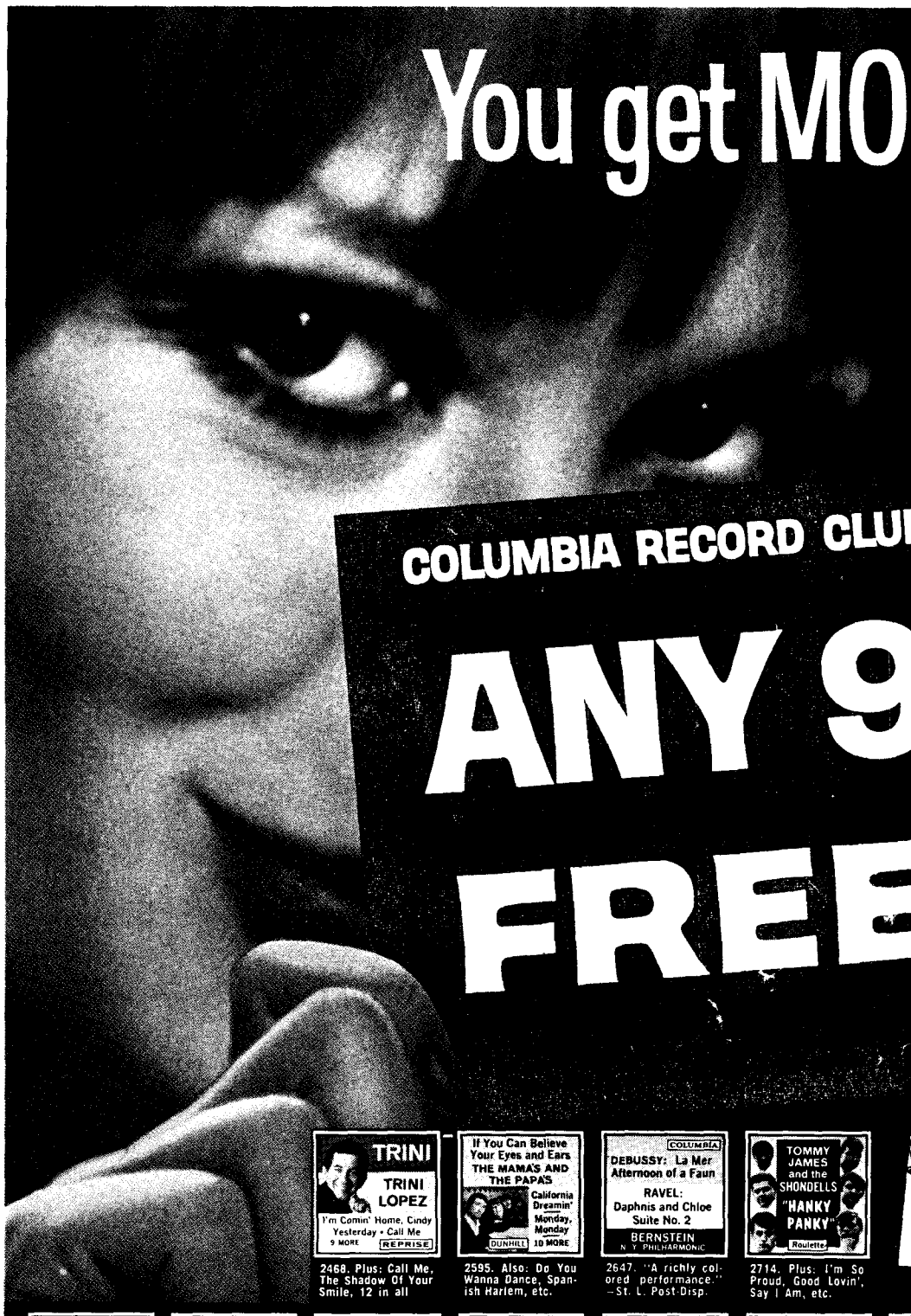

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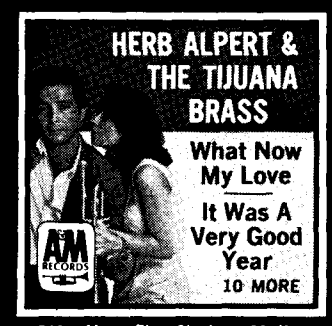
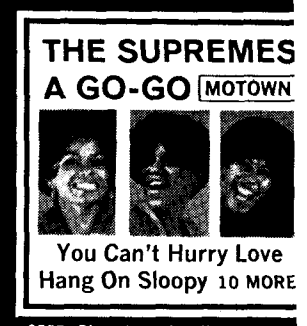


3542. Also: The Shadow Of Your Smile, Five Minutes More, Plucky, Brasilia, 12 in all



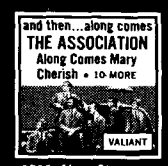
3555. Plus: Love Is Like An Itchi In My Heart, Money, Get Ready, Can't Help Myself, etc.

3474. Also: Season Of The Witch, The Trip, 7 more

3432. Also: Come Running Back, Any Time, 7 more

3559. Also: A Corner In The Sun, Homeward Bound, 8 more

2404. Also: Nev Too Late, The Paw broker, Smile, etc

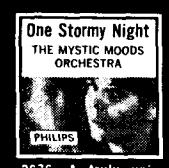


3508. Also: Changes, Remember, Your Own Love, 12 in all

2689. Also: Estrada Branca, Nao Tem Problema, etc.

2605. "Some of his funniest material." —Billboard

2435. Also: Since Fell For You, Spart cus, etc.



2676. A truly unique listening experience awaits you.

2652. "...a flambo ance which makes f excitement."—Hi. Fi

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2468. Plus: Call Me, The Shadow Of Your Smile, 12 in all

2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.

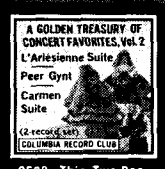
2647. "A richly colored performance." —St. L. Post-Disp.

2714. Plus: I'm So Proud, Good Lovin', Say I Am, etc.

1530. Greater than ever...winner of 6 Academy Awards

2427. Also: Run Fo Your Life, Uptigh The Snake, etc.

2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolly Song, etc.



2508. This Two-Record Set Counts As One Selection

2615. Also: There She Goes, All I Really Need Is You, etc.

2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News

3476. Also: Muddy Water, Mabellene, La Bamba, 12 in all

2667. Also: I Woke Up From Dreaming, If You Believe, etc.

3525. Entremont plays Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, Albeniz, etc.

2671. Also: Little By Little, La Bamba, 12 great songs in all

3449. Plus: A Taste Of Honey, Unchained Melody, Mame, etc.

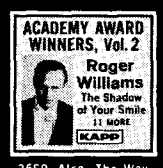
2403. Also: Big Man In Town, Toy Soldier, Ronnie, etc.

3464. Plus: Goo Good Lovin'; A Sa isfied Mind; etc.

2416. Plus: Green, Green; We'll Sing In The Sunshine; etc.

2461. Also: I Walk The Line, Second Hand Rose, etc.

3370. Also: Homeward Bound, Strangers In The Night, etc.

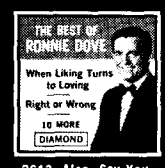


3560. Also: The Way You Look Tonight, All The Way, 12 in all

3202. (Special Two-Record Set Counts As One Selection)

2608. Also: Who Do I Think I Am, Tragic Romance, 11 in all

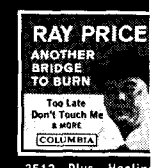
3366. Also: Set Me Free, Dedicated Follower Of Fashion, etc.



2613. Also: Say You, One Kiss For Old Times Sake, etc.

2332. Honeysuckle Rose, Light Blue, Evidence, 5 more

2683. Plus: Say You, Ain't Too Proud To Beg, 12 in all



3512. Plus: Healin Hands Of Time, G Away, 6 more

2640. "The Mormon Choir sings like one voice." Eve. Bulletin

2688. Wait For The Sunshine, The Cabin On The Hill, etc.

3556. Also: Little White Lies, How High The Moon, etc.

2346. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.

2696. Also: Running Scared, Blue Angel, It's Over, 12 in all

2392. "A bright swinging score." Variety

2697-2698. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections). Also: I Want You, Just Like A Woman, Memphis Blues Again, 10 more

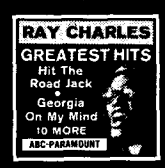
2117. Chim Chim Cher-ee, Feed The Birds, Dear Heart, etc.

3477. Also: I Talk To The Trees, Petoria, Cabbage, etc.

2602. Plus: A We Respected Man, Yo Baby, Daydream, etc

3548. I Love You Because, Make The World Go Away, etc.

2131. "First class... top notch interpretation." —Hi-Fi Review

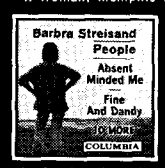


1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.

3546. Plus: Last Call, Money, Twist Lackawanna, 7 more

1903. Also: In The Chapel in the Moonlight, etc.

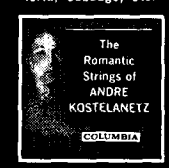
2691. Plus: Tears, Careless, What Color (Is A Man), etc.



1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.

3510. Also: Summer In The City, The Work Song, Wildcat, etc.

1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.



2128. Greensleeves, Brahms Lullaby, Ave Maria (Schubert), etc.

1212. Also: Gettin Even, I Overlooke An Orchid, etc.

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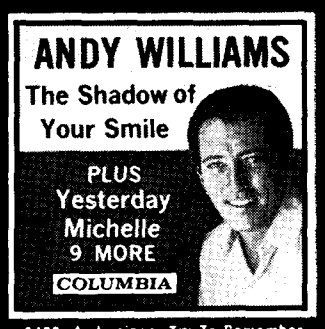
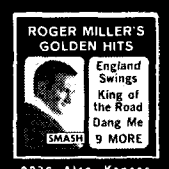
2673. Frank also sings: On A Clear Day, Summer Wind, All Or Nothing At All, etc.



2460. Andy sings: Try To Remember, Somewhere, A Taste Of Honey, Bye Bye Blues, That Old Feeling, etc.

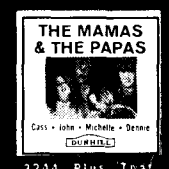
2407. Where Am I Going, C'est Se Bon Yesterdays, etc.



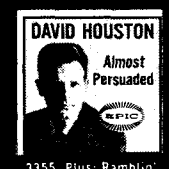
2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

2629. Also: Time Is On My Side, It's All Over Now, 7 more

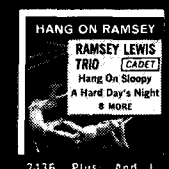
2405. "Exciting, sensuous romanticism." —N. Y. Times



3244 Plus That Kind Of Girl, Words Of Love 9 more



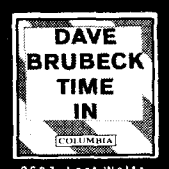
3355. Plus: Ramblin' Rose, Tonight You Belong To Me, etc.



2436. Plus: And I Love Her, Billy Boy Satin Doll, etc.

3465. Also: Sometime Lovin', The King Of Names, 12 in all

2257. Also: Detour, The First Thing Evry Morning, etc.



2687. Lost Waltz, 40 Days, Lonesome, Cassandra, etc.

2506. Also: Yesterday, A Taste Of Honey, Melinda, etc.

2715. Also: Cloudy, Cry, Big Little Woman, 12 in all

2881 "Full of flavor, vitality and warmth" —Billboard

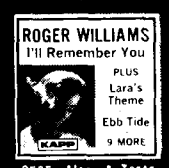
3447 Also: Your Love, I Want You Lost Girl, Evil, etc

3475. Also: Twelfth Of Never, Cruel War, Pied Piper, etc.

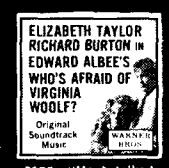
3441. Also: Sleepy Time Gal, Georgia Rose, 6 more

2527. Also: How About Me, Tell Him I Said Hello, etc.

2485 Also: Walkin' My Baby Back Home, Unforgettable, etc.



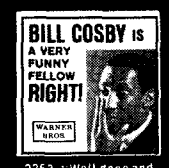
2535. Also: A Taste Of Honey, Yesterday, Dulcinea, 12 in all



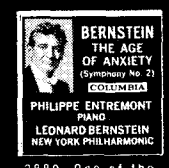
2675. "Most talked about film of the year."—Variety

2616. Also: Come A Little Bit Closer, Guantanamera, etc.

2639. "The best musical score of '65" —Am. Record Guide



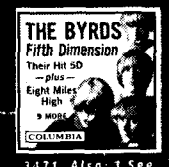
2253 "Well done and full of good solid laughs" S.F. Chron



2880. One of the most powerful works in modern music

2161. Long Ago, Make Someone Happy, Who Can I Turn To, etc

2695. Also: The Shadow Of Your Smile, 12 in all



3471. Also: I See You, Mr. Spaceman, Hey Joe, 6 more.

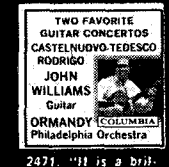
1645. Delightful performance of Grofe's soaring tone poem

2651. "One of the greatest pianist alive."—N. Y. Times

3553. Also: In The Still Of The Night, Then, Brenda, etc.

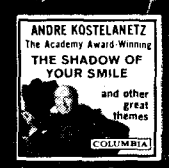
2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.

1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymn of The Republic etc.



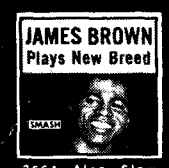
2471. "It is a brilliant composition." —St. Louis Globe

2692. Also: Good Lovin', Go On, I Meant You, etc *

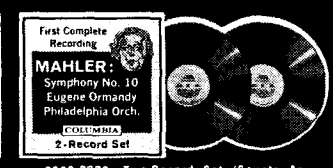


2505. Lara's Theme, What's New Pussycat, 12 in all

3554. Plus: Eve Of Destruction, Walk Right In, 12 in all



2661. Also: Slow Walk, Jabo, Hooks, Fat Bag, 5 more



2369-2370. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections) "...extremely moving as the music is beautiful" Phila. Bulletin

3466 Also: Mockin' Bird Hill, Cross Over The Bridge, etc.

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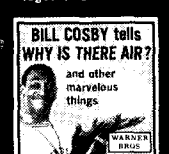

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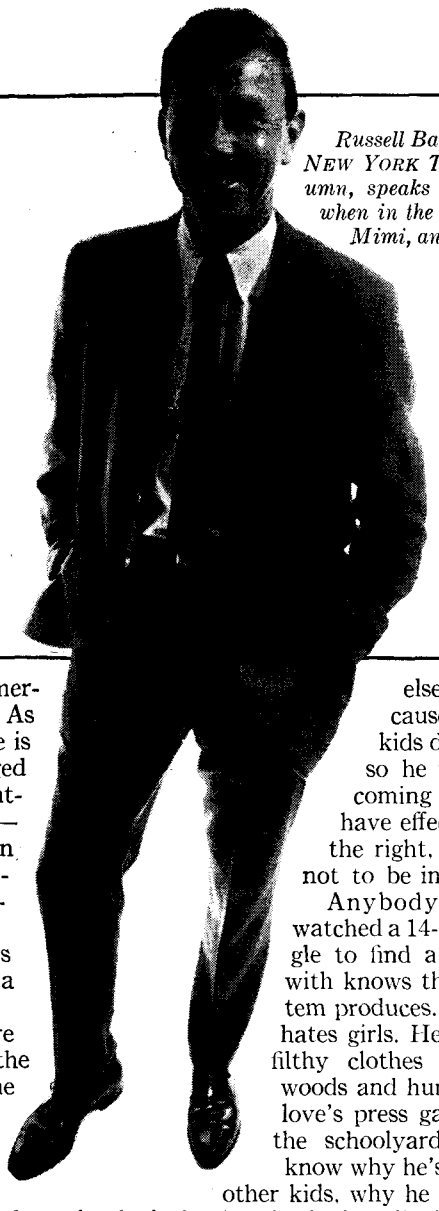
LOVE, YOUR MAGIC SPELL IS EVERYWHERE, DAMMIT

By Russell Baker



Russell Baker, who writes THE NEW YORK TIMES'S *Observer column, speaks of love with respect when in the presence of his wife, Mimi, and their three children.*

Among the rights of man—and the rights of woman, too, for that matter—is the right not to be in love. In America we are losing that right.

We are victims of a Pop culture devoted to expounding the miraculous therapeutic powers of love. Day in, day out, from the time we become old enough to turn on the radio, we are brainwashed in love suds. Popular music is an endless hymn to the patently fraudulent proposition that Ol' Doc Love will cure whatever ails you. Feeling sad? Take a dose of love and, Shazam!, the gray sky will turn to gold, the streets will flow with pennies from heaven, every day will be a holiday and eternal happiness will descend in thick, cloying layers.

When popular music turns its attention to life's miseries, as it does in rock 'n' roll and the new protest songs, its message becomes even more curious. Why are children unhappy? Because "they"—those nasty old love haters—try to tell them they're too young to really be in love. What attitude toward life should children express if they are to live happily? They must say that they don't care what "they" say, for nobody can live in a world without love.

What a depressing thing has happened to love in America! We have turned it into the snake oil of the 20th century. The songwriters are by no means the only ones to blame. We are at the mercy of a whole battery of love quacks, many of them men and women of great erudition and goodwill. Among them are eminent parsons, physicians, educators and authors.

The modern American novel, in its obsession with the homosexual miseries, violence and despair, becomes more and more a sales pitch for love manna. Reading these novels invites us to conclude that if society would only make love more freely available to all, regardless of race, creed, color or ability to pay, people wouldn't have to fall back on such psychic placebos as heroin, LSD, sodomy and murder.

We are hounded by psychologists, with their awful questionnaires so cunningly contrived to reveal whether we are in a healthy state of love. We are all too aware that if we are not, these psychologists will warn the U.S. Government that we are unfit to look at classified documents or will tell the personnel director that we are bad risks for a corporate vice presidency.

In consequence, a successful love life takes its place alongside the college diploma as a prerequisite of fancy employment.

This odd American faith in love as the universal panacea reaches its most pathetic manifestation among the misnamed "young radicals" who seem to believe that it is the solution to the Vietnamese war. Every antiwar demonstration these days has its quota of ample-busted young ladies wearing T-shirts bearing the slogan, MAKE LOVE—NOT WAR. Bob Dylan, advocating love as the solution of every world problem from unemployment to The Bomb, is not only taken seriously by millions of youngsters with the valid excuse that youth is entitled to stick its head in the sand; he is also hailed as a great poet by grown men experienced enough to know that love is responsible for half the Saturday-night shootings in every city in America.

The consequence of this saturation conditioning is that the American now has hanging on the back wall of his subconscious, alongside that dreary exhortation THINK, a second and equally burdensome command: LOVE. I am speaking of the love between woman and man, of what the young ladies at the peace rallies make instead of war, of that emotion the Government demands of men trustworthy enough to look at top-secret documents, of that passion our children are taught to believe is essential to habitation of the earth.

The first problem, of course, is that it is impossible for most people to be in love all the time. Or even much of the time. Still, the social heat is on, and so the American goes to work in the pursuit of love, in much the same spirit that he goes about building a cabinet in his basement workshop. The society is ready to help him.

Its bookshops are amply stocked with textbooks: *The Art of Loving, The Technique of Loving, The History of Loving, The Chemistry of Loving, The Physics of Loving, How to Make a Million Dollars Through Loving, The Anthology of Love*, and so on and on.

Plowing through his texts, the American is comforted to discover that love is something that has to be worked at. This he can understand. Anything that can be accomplished through hard work and ingenuity, the American can cope with. As his studies deepen, he is even more encouraged to discover that the latest research in love—how we all delight in knowing that the inexplicable can be subjected to *research*—this research indicates that it is basically a plumbing problem.

Now at last we are on ground dear to the American heart. The startling studies conducted recently with human volunteers in St. Louis strongly suggest that the technological principles of love are no more complicated than those of a hot-water heating plant. (Only in America would several hundred people volunteer to have their body-heating plants, pulse rates and blood pressure subjected to scientific scrutiny during passion, for the sake of advancing our understanding of the mechanics of love.)

This humorless, earnest toil in the service of Venus seems to begin nowadays at the first dawn of puberty. It is nothing today to find your son or daughter, at the age of 13 or 14, "going steady." I will not go into the merits of going steady, beyond pointing out that in America today it is very difficult for a child to do otherwise.

The child who is going steady might most accurately be called a "love trainee." The society that breeds him expects him to go into love training at 13 or 14, just as it expects him, if he is a boy, to take military training at 18. In preparation for his love training, he is softened up through three or four years of prepubescence by the musical-cult message that it is never too young for love and that, in fact, he cannot live in a world without it.

If he is a reader, he will probably have absorbed random patches of Hugh Hefner's philosophy at the drugstore magazine rack or Helen Gurley Brown's message that the business of life is love. His parents, in accordance with the best psychiatric advice, have worked hard to give him a demonstration of what love is like and how happy it makes them. What's more, everybody else is going steady because "it's what all the kids do nowadays." And so he is bullied into becoming a love trainee. We have effectively denied him the right, at the age of 14, not to be in love.

Anybody who has ever watched a 14-year-old boy struggle to find a girl to go steady with knows the anguish the system produces. The boy probably hates girls. He wants to get into filthy clothes and go into the woods and hunt snakes. Instead, love's press gangs corner him in the schoolyard and demand to know why he's different from the other kids, why he doesn't stop shirking the draft, enlist in the ranks of woo, get a "steady" and start enjoying some of that good healthy love everybody sings about on the radio and writes about in the magazines. What can the child do? He goes steady, poor kid, and tells himself he is in love.

By college, he is a well-conditioned student of love. He has read somebody's version of Freud and plenty of books explaining that the moral rot of American society is directly attributable to his parents' dishonest or hypocritical attitude toward love. By this age, of course, he is hooked on the miracle-cure promises of Ol' Doc Love and determined to make the world a better place by practicing love seriously, honestly and without hypocrisy.

He takes up the code of "sex with love," as a young Harvard man explained in this space a few weeks ago, and exults in delusions of sound social health. None of that fun stuff, mind you. The young Harvard man reported that his sensibilities were offended by a biology teacher of the old social-rot generation who sniggered while discussing the sex life of algae.

The picture of all these somber college youths solemnly laboring at "sex with love" in the cause of repairing the moral rot in the social fabric makes the mind boggle. Can they possibly be serious? Can it be true that they honestly see nothing humorous about sex, even among the algae? Is love to them merely an exercise in civics, like wiping out air pollution or fighting litter?

The explanation is that we are denying our college students the right not to

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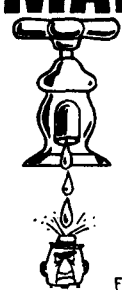

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be in love. They have heard the message of Bob Dylan and feel the social obligation to be in love in order to end war and abolish poverty. They have read the message of Paul Goodman and know that the awful society of alienation created by their fathers must be resisted with massive doses of wholesome, crunchy love. What can the college boy or girl do? Like a sober citizen, earnest as a bishop, he toils at "sex with love," and tells himself that honest love is good for society.

More advanced age, of course, does not bring release from the service of love. In America, alone among the nations of the West, a married man and woman are expected to be in love day after day, week after week, year after year, for as long as they live. This may be the cruelest imposition of all.

There are undoubtedly some married couples capable of remaining in love to the very end, but as anyone who has been married longer than three months is well aware, such couples are extraordinary. The normal course of a marriage will find one party or another out of love with his partner for a large percentage of their life together. There is nothing wrong with this. It is perfectly natural and healthy. After all, being in love is a terribly difficult and even an agonizing state for most people, and it is hard to conceive how any marriage subjected to such emotional strain could survive for long.

The formula for a happy marriage consists of a little love and a great deal of patience, but subjecting a marriage to the constant batterings of the storms of love must inevitably tear it apart.

Such is the pressure in America to be in a perpetual state of love, however, that the one question certain to destroy a perfectly happy marriage if answered with a "No" is, "Do you love me, darling?"

There are times when the normal answer to this question will be, "I am very happy to be married to you, but I just don't seem to be in love this week." Perfectly normal. After all, after 10 or 15 years of marriage, why should a husband expect his wife to be in love with him 24 hours a day? Surely it is enough if she suddenly feels in love with him at odd moments. While he is making a fool of himself at the boss's dinner table, for example. Or while he is trying to fix a flat tire. These are the times that count.

And yet she is denied the right to be out of love with him for a single moment of her married life. Questionnaires against which she checks her marriage-happiness quotient in the Sunday supplement start her brooding about love failure if she confesses that, yes, she despises him when he comes down to Sunday breakfast unshaven in peppermint-stripe pajamas.

The magazine marriage counselor lurks on the coffee table waiting to warn her how other marriages just like hers have failed because of a wifely love lapse. Being steeped in the Pop psychiatry of the day, which advises her that love is the elixir of happiness, she begins to suspect that her long intervals between inexplicable feelings of tenderness are impelling her toward unhappiness. So the poor woman labors to stay in a round-the-clock state of love.

All this difficulty arises, I think, from the theory that love is good for people. The proposition is highly dubious. If love in fact could be taken as the universal aspirin, it almost certainly would have been subjected to strict licensing provisions years ago by the Food and Drug Administration.

As anyone who has ever had a good dose of love knows, the effects can be most unwholesome. Physically, it commonly results in loss of weight and appetite, loss of sleep, high blood pressure, tantrums and mental depression.

Socially, it may cause complete loss of interest in all normal activity, including work, in which case it can produce the loss of job and income. In bad cases it may produce the most excruciating mental agony, rendering the sufferer incapable of functioning normally in society. In others, as in the love of Abélard and Héloïse, it may result in dreadful mutilation. It may shatter a happy family, lead to blood feuds or lure the sufferer to suicide.

As for the protest singers' prescription—plenty of love to stop all the killing—it is conclusively disposed of by the Trojan War (started because of Paris's love for Helen) and the ballad of *Frankie and Johnny*.

Love can only happen. When it does it can be a terrible thing, but even in the worst onsets it compensates with pleasures so mysterious, so irrational, so inexplicable and yet so rare and exalting that the finest poets have never succeeded in expressing their joy.

Most people at some time in their lives have love happen to them. Few have it happen to them often, and this is as it should be. It may be that love is the sudden, bursting intuitive discovery that man can escape the lonely prison of his own doomed flesh and feel his spirit soar free by giving himself to another. If so, the exaltation that comes with the discovery must necessarily be short-lived. The experience, however, survives in memory, and if treasured and rekindled from time to time, this memory perhaps can help us dwell happily among life's possibilities rather than among its bleak inevitabilities.

Love cannot be made to happen by going into training for it at the age of 13. Nor will it occur because earnest young men will it to come along and build a brave new world where nobody will laugh about sex. Studying about it in textbooks will almost certainly prevent it from happening, and people who look upon it as basically a question of plumbing are in trouble.

What we must learn is that it is impossible to be in love on social command. Life in a constant state of love would be unbearable and, mercifully, love leaves us alone most of the time.

In these periods of sweet tranquility, we are entitled to be happily not in love. Happy, untroubled, capable of calm reflection or intellectual exercise, content with our wives or sweethearts, able to work with untrammeled concentration on the great problems of end ing war, abolishing poverty and repairing the rot in the social fabric.

In these moments man is most likely to approach nobility. He hasn't a chance if his peace of mind is to be constantly interrupted by nuisances ringing his mental doorbell and urging him to drop everything and "Love!"

Russell Baker

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Love and Hate in the Mekong Delta

MY THO, VIETNAM:

The two most basic of human emotions—love and hatred—will be the determining factors in the next, the most difficult, and the most decisive phase of the Vietnamese war. This new phase will see the use of large numbers of American combat troops for "pacification"—that is, the destruction of the Viet Cong—here in the flat, wet, rich lowlands of the Mekong Delta.

If the war is ever to be won, it must be won in the delta, simply because more than half the people of South Vietnam live here south of Saigon. North of Saigon, where the American troops have been operating, the war is already being won. But it is not being won here. Now, as for years past, the Communists control about a third of the eight million people here by day, closer to two thirds by night.

The exhausted Vietnamese army, idiotically trained by Americans only in conventional warfare, protects strategic points such as bridges, or the big towns like this provincial capital. The job of protecting the villages and hamlets from the Viet Cong is left largely to the Popular Forces—the local boys recruited to defend their own hamlets against Communist attack.

Wherever you go in the delta you see them, drowsing in hammocks or squatting on their haunches, a rifle between their knees, in little mud forts, with chickens scratching underfoot and laundry hung out to dry. Often Viet Cong-held territory is an easy rifle shot away. Sometimes, when the V.C. attack, the P.F.'s run away. More often they fight, sometimes with astonishing bravery; their casualty rate is far higher than that of the Vietnamese army.

But the Popular Forces cannot win the war in the delta, and neither, obviously, can the Vietnamese army. Hence the decision to commit American forces to the delta. Initially, a brigade or so (about 3,000 men) will be committed, but military commitments have a way of growing in Vietnam, and it is a good bet that there will be a great many American soldiers here by the end of next year.

The decision to send them was made with anguished reluctance, largely because the delta is chockablock full of people. It is almost impossible to fire a pistol—let alone heavy artillery—in any direction without hurting somebody. Already a lot of people are getting hurt.

"We've killed a lot of friendly people, and I'm real sorry," said a sad-faced American colonel who is an adviser to the Vietnamese army here. "But, like Sherman said, 'War is hell.'"

How many "friendly people" will be killed or wounded when the American army, with its staggering firepower, moves into the delta? And what will be the political consequences, in this most political of all wars?

This is where the decisive factors of hatred and love enter the equation. To understand one side of the equation, consider Maj. Jack Stapleton, a big, beefy regular soldier from Columbus, Ohio, who is an American military adviser in an area inhabited by about 100,000 people near here. On a tour of inspection of his area Maj. Stapleton's first stop was a little hamlet off a side road, within easy shooting distance of the tree line which marked Viet Cong territory.

As Maj. Stapleton strode through the hamlet, a daring little Vietnamese boy grabbed one of his hands, then a girl grabbed his other hand. Before long children were hanging onto his belt, his shirttails, and his trouser legs, while 30 or more children crowded around, trying for a handhold. Then the major started a sort of chant.

"OK," he said, "come along if you want, but I don't see why you want to hang onto a guy who's four feet taller than anybody else" (a pause. The children, not understanding a word, begin to giggle), "with round eyes" (loud laughs) "and a big belly" (screams of laughter) "and a red face" (near hysteria) "who smells terrible" (pandemonium).

Maj. Stapleton is loved—the word is not too strong. The reason is simple. There is no question (except in the minds of those who have never been here) that the ruthless Viet Cong are feared and hated by a majority of the Vietnamese. Thus in the rural areas where there are few Americans, alien but amiable American monsters like Maj. Stapleton are loved because they represent—to the grownups as well as the children—security from the V.C.

But what happens when "round eyes," as the Vietnamese call Americans, begin to move into the delta in great numbers? There is, as of this writing, a single American battalion in the delta, near Ben Luc, and this is a good place to look for an answer.

"It's worked out real good," said Maj. Colson, a rangy, intelligent officer with the American battalion, which had moved in about six weeks before. He showed a chart, which listed 26 V.C. killed and 24 captured, at a cost of only 12 Americans wounded, mostly from booby traps. Maj. Colson was asked whether he was sure all Vietnamese killed were really V.C.

"Well, hell, how do you know?" he said. "You catch a civilian with a weapon, or a guy shoots at you, you know damn well he's V.C. I'll say one thing, Charlie is the guttiest little bastard I've ever seen."

This admiration for "Charlie" is universal among American soldiers—on our side, at least, this is a war without hate. It is also a war being fought with the best will in the world. Beside the chart showing dead and captured V.C., Maj. Colson proudly displayed another, listing the good deeds the battalion had performed—band concerts given, school desks supplied, midwife kits distributed, and the like. But in a war it is impossible not to kill people, or to hurt them—and not only physically.

Outside the battalion headquarters about a dozen Vietnamese were lined up in a row, squatting on their haunches. The battalion had been on a sweep that morning, the major explained, killing one V.C. and wounding another. It was standard procedure, he explained, to bring in for interrogation all males capable of bearing arms plus any females suspected by the Vietnamese national police.

There was a middle-aged woman in the squatting line—she had been found with a new shortwave radio capable of picking up the battalion frequency. There were a couple of old men with straggly beards, and some younger men. At the end of the line there was a 14-year-old boy. His face was expressionless, as he stared back at the big white men around him with his almond-shaped obsidian eyes.

At the end of the day the boy was released and given the equivalent of 50 cents, and so were all but two of the other Vietnamese. But I wish I could have read the expression in the boy's black eyes. Was it just fear? Or was there hatred also? Might he not join the V.C. now, after a long day squatting on his haunches, surrounded by "round eyes"—the big, well-fed, red-faced, queer-smelling foreigners?

How do you balance the love of the urchins for their protector, Maj. Stapleton, against the hatred which at least some of Maj. Colson's "detainees" must surely have felt? That is the key question, as American troops prepare to move into the delta, and the remorseless Americanization of this small war proceeds apace. I do not know the answer. I doubt if anyone does. But it will, in the end, determine whether this war can be won.

Stewart Alsop

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The far-sighted man from New England Life can show you how you could get 30 years of life insurance-and then get back all the money you put in.

The adage, "You can't have your cake and eat it too" has not only become a cliché—it has become highly inaccurate as well. Cash Value Insurance provides years and years of insurance protection for your family with the opportunity to get all your money back at retirement—and a lot more besides. This kind of have-your-cake-and-eat-it-too insurance is the specialty of the far-sighted man from New England Life. He sees life insurance as the safest, most secure means of providing you with the money you need for retirement. He sees it as a better way to meet specific goals—such as college for your son, or the opportunity to make a business venture. He sees it as a great way to establish credit, a less costly, less risky way to borrow. He sees life insurance—cash value life insurance—as a working tool to help build a better future. No man is better qualified to show you the best ways to build your future with Life Insurance.

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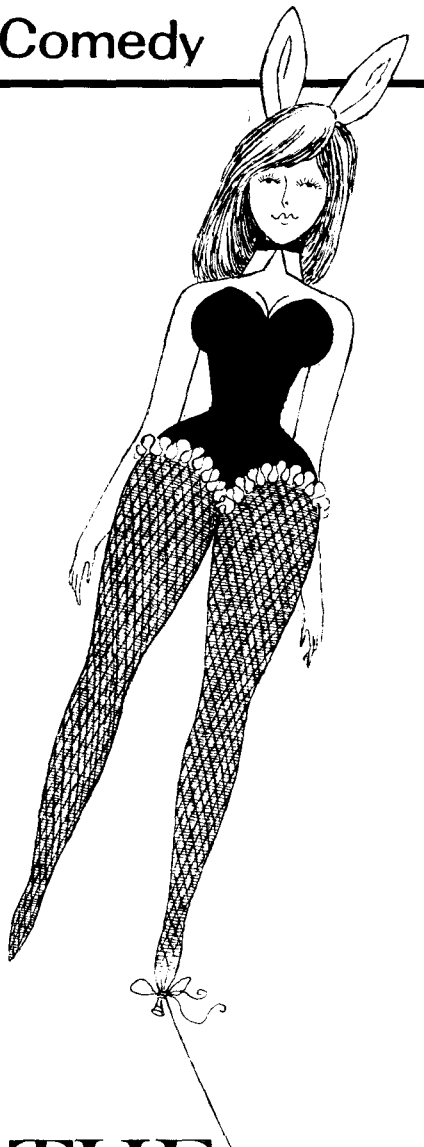


THE HOOBOY ADVISOR

By JOHN SKOW

Each month we at Hooboy Magazine offer masculine, in-the-know answers to readers' questions on anything from hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, orgy etiquette and complexion problems.

I am a wealthy 23-year-old bachelor taxidermist with a nine-room penthouse, a hunting lodge, a 5.5-meter sloop, a Mercedes town car that sleeps six and a skateboard with eight-track stereo. My problem is that my beautiful Eurasian mistress says it is silly for a grown man to wear rabbit-emblem cuff links.—J.F., San Francisco, Calif.

Your mistress's neurotic objection to the rugged Hooboy rabbit emblem on your masculine, in-the-know cuff links shows a deep-seated hostility to the dominant sex. Let her know who's boss—flick your cigarette in her cold cream.

Somehow I can never get my mittens on right.—T.L., Cleveland, Ohio.

Perfectly understandable. Next time it gets nippy when you are out motoring in your blown 428-inch mag-wheel Cobra, pick up the car phone, call your mother, and ask her which hands your mittens go on. That's what mothers are for.

A string of self-service tattoo parlors brought me financial well-being early in life, and I began to seek material gratification. I quickly acquired a jet helicopter, an eight-bladed jackknife, my own missile range and a beautiful Polish-Eskimo mistress. Then I ordered a copy of the 15-foot, round, revolving bed that Hooboy publisher Hef Hoofner sleeps in. The bed revolves every twenty minutes, and it works fine, but when I get up at night I can't find my slippers. What should I do?—S.B., Boston, Mass.

Who needs slippers? The cool secret of publisher Hoofner's Total Environment Bed is that you never have *to get out of it. Hoofner hasn't been out of his in four years. His day begins at 3* A.M. *He awakens in the sleeping area of the bed, runs laps around the edge until 3:20, breakfasts on three Zippy-Colas from the bed's bar area, then moves to the business area for an editing session. Later he may change to a formal bathrobe and invite some friends aboard for a champagne supper. (See "A Lie-Down Dinner for 16" in the August issue.)*

I am a prosperous burial-plot salesman who would like to make the scene with a certain young lady, and I am thinking of buying a motorcycle to pep up my image. Are there any drawbacks to motorcycling?—P.M., Omaha, Nebr.

According to the World Health Organization, a full-grown motorcyclist swallows his own weight in June bugs every 500 miles. Other than that, no drawbacks. Keep your mouth shut and rev her up!

My beautiful Irish-Mohawk mistress keeps grabbing my towel in the sauna. —O.F., Locust Valley, N.Y.

No problem—if her "playfulness" stops there. But watch out for other symptoms of underlying hostility to male dominance. If she snaps the towel at you, go straight to her analyst and tell him all about it.

Can you suggest an ice-breaker to make a dull party swing?—S.L., San Diego, Calif.

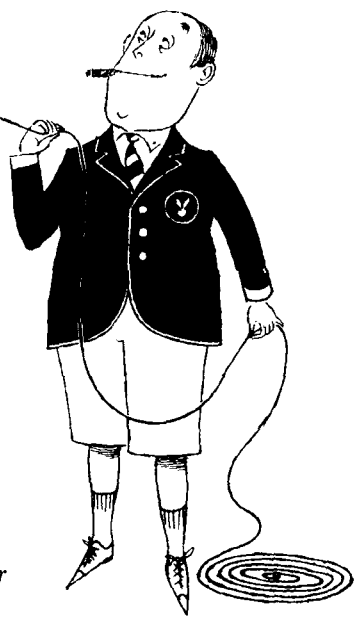
Glad to. Fill a 55-gallon drum with raspberry Jell-O. Let Jell-O harden and pop it from drum on croquet lawn. Divide guests (better tell them to wear rough-it attire) into male and female teams. First team to push Jell-O across opponents' goal wins. For a sophisticated variation, try jellied madrilene.

The other night I took some buddies to the Hooboy Club. They were pretty impressed, let me tell you, when I showed my Hooboy Club key to the beautiful bunny at the door and she let us right in. At our table I bought a pack of cigarettes from the cigarette bunny, who was gorgeous. Then the fantastically desirable waitress bunny came to take our order. Unfortunately her arm brushed my lighted cigarette. There was a hissing noise, and to my great surprise she began to lose shape and sink to the floor. In a few seconds there was nothing left but her bunny ears and a wrinkled piece of what looked like plastic. A busboy swept her into a dustpan, and another bunny brought our drinks, which were very good. But what I want to know is, was something funny going on?—E.T., New Orleans, La.

Cigarettes are a problem. Nevertheless real girls, who tend to have moles and last names, do not match the durability of our polyethylene bunnies.

I am a 26-year-old bachelor of independent means, with a black belt in karate, a Venezuelan *finca*, an apartment in the Waldorf Towers, a Lotus-Ford Indy car tuned for street use, a Red Ryder air rifle and a 110-foot hydrofoil yacht. Recently my Scottish-Croatian cleaning woman gave my cuddly stuffed Hooboy rabbit to the Salvation Army, threw out all my fold-out Hooboygirl pictures and my lifetime subscription certificate signed by toothsome, petite Terry Tickle, Miss July of 1962, and told me to go out and, as she put it, "for the luvva Pete meet some girls." Was I right in telling her she was out of line?—T.N., Baltimore, Md.

Dead right, for our money. What does your cleaning woman know about how to be a swinger? Meeting girls is for clydes who don't know enough to come in out of the reality. □



Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

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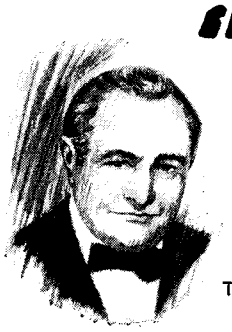

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Mishel Piastro, *Director*
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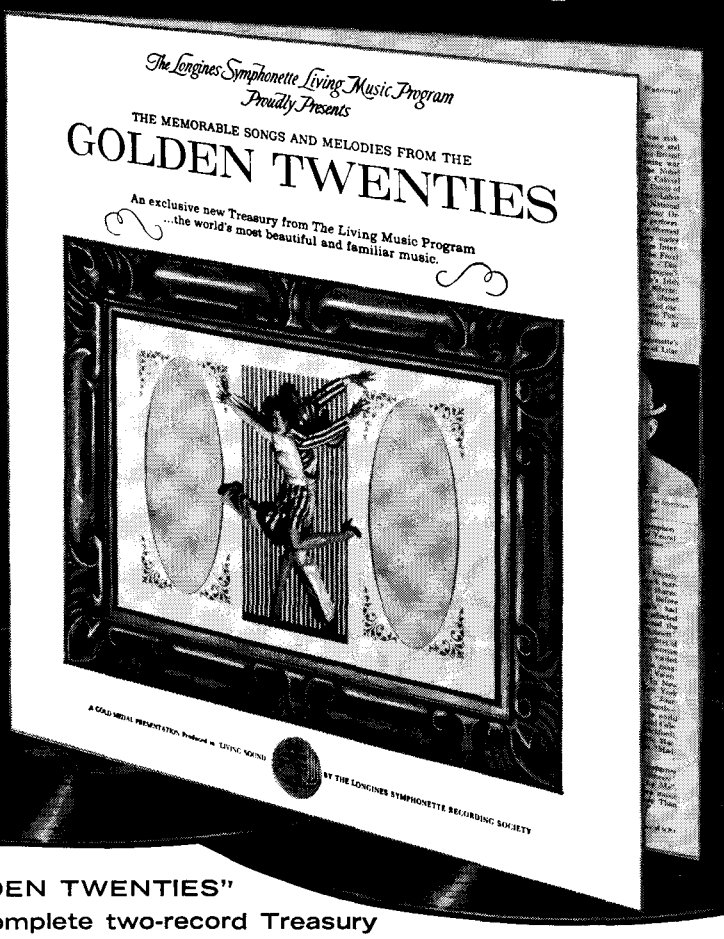
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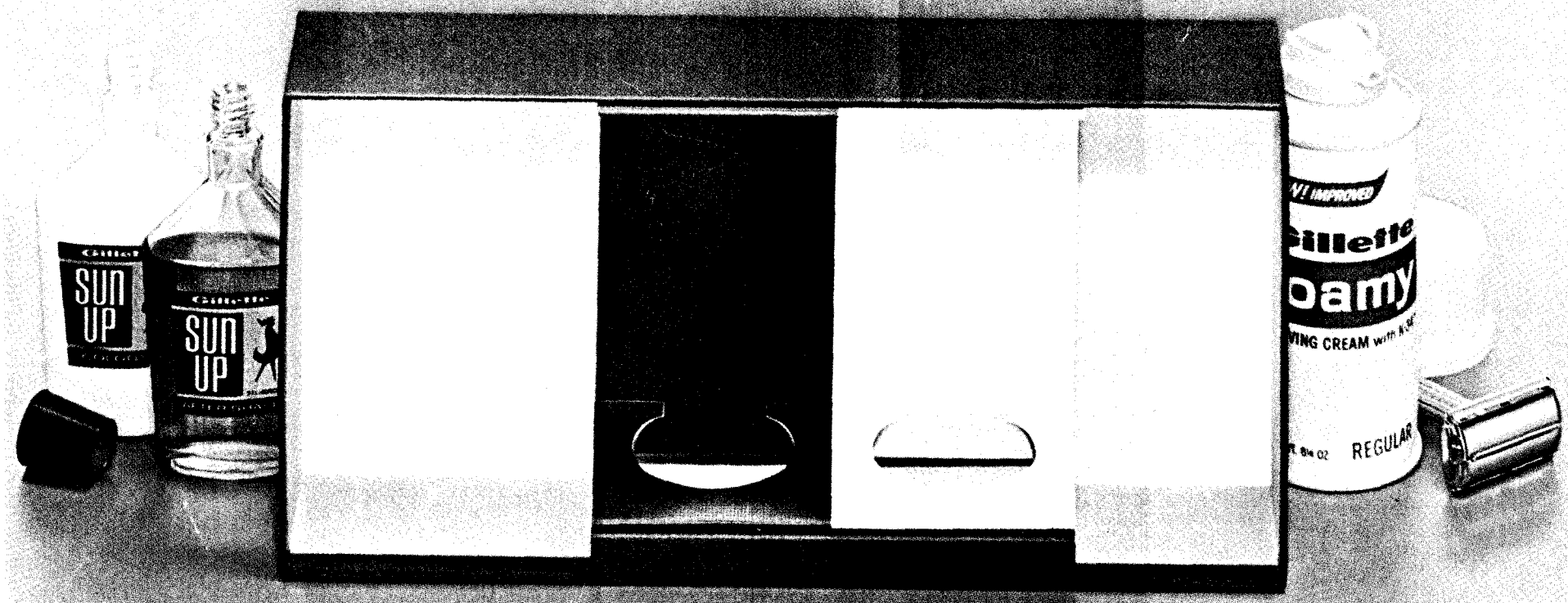
Best reason to give him Gillette Gift Sets...



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No man ever stuck one of these away in a drawer and forgot about it.

Gillette's Christmas gift sets get used.

Because they're full of things a man uses.

Things from Gillette. Like Foamy Shaving Cream. Right Guard Deodorant. Sun Up After Shave and Cologne. The Gillette Slim Adjustable Razor and Super Stainless Steel Blades.

This year Gillette has eleven different choices — handsomely gift-boxed and priced from $1.25 to $3.50. (You can buy him the one shown above for $3.00.)

Just don't be fooled by some other kind. It won't have things from Gillette in it.

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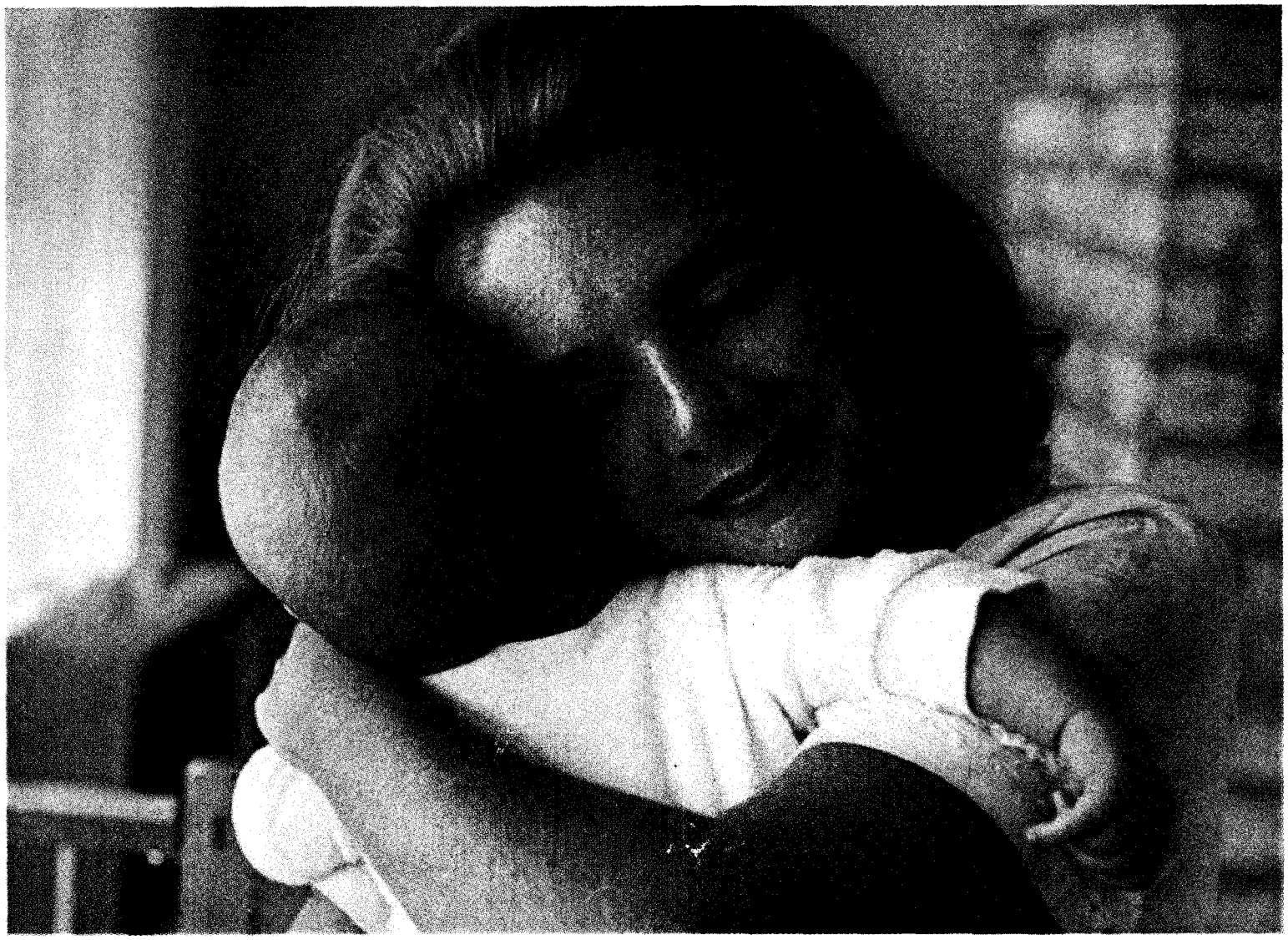
The Saturday Evening POST



THE SEVEN AGES OF LOVE

Now the eleventh generation of Americans has been born; now it is starting through the fundamental phases of life. Each phase prepares for the next: The love the infant learns in his mother's arms helps him become a loving child; puppy love introduces the adolescent to a deeper kind. So natural is the process that we assume it, yet often the transitions are difficult. Many of us falter, even fail. But just as every failure spreads to affect other lives, so does every success, and there is in fact much love in this land. On these pages are seven glimpses of today's Americans as, in their own manner, they obey the ancient urges—to share the prime intimacies of life and to send posterity into the future they will never see.

Photographs by Wayne Miller

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Still new to love as well as life,
the child is nevertheless adept. He opens himself to love
completely, and we are awed.

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To love outside the family for the first time, to love the other sex—it is a delicious revelation.

And then at last appears the person—this one person, forever, never any other in all of time.

Photograph by Ota Richter

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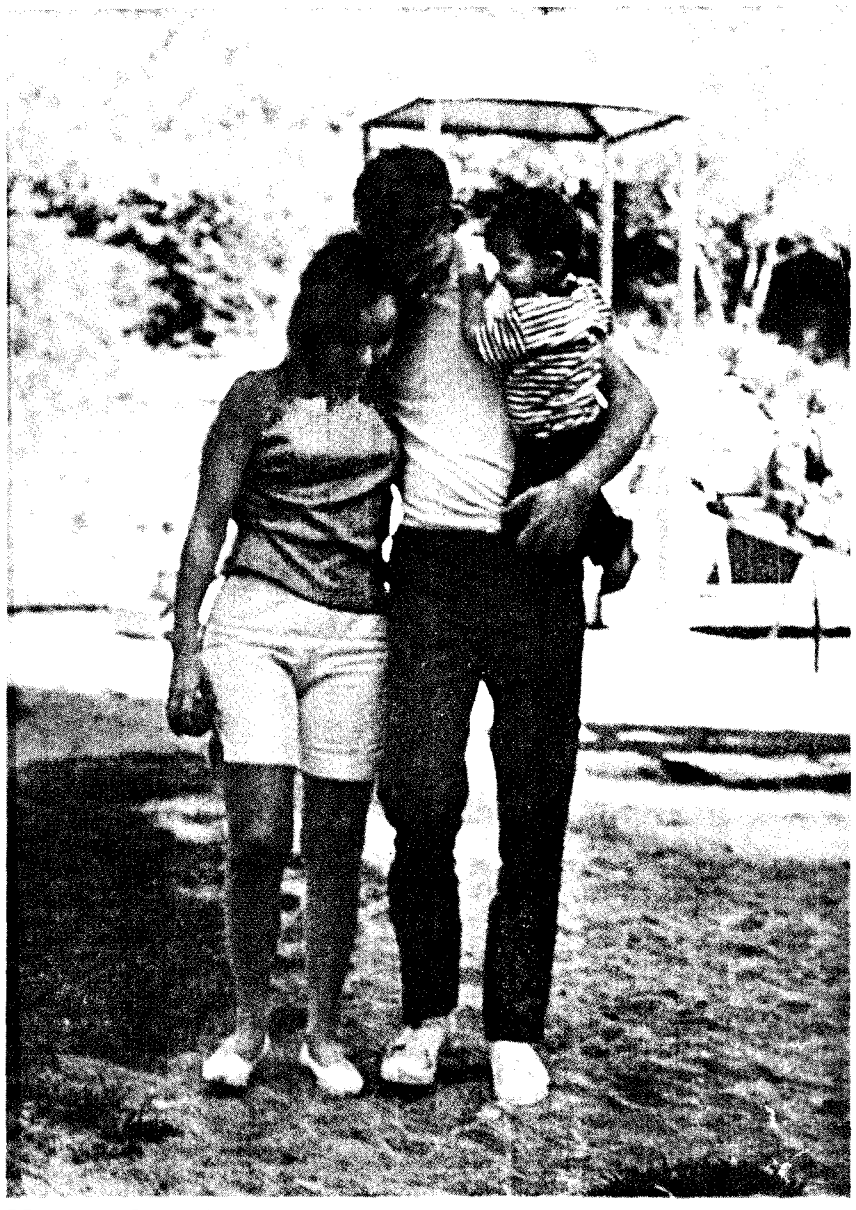

Now two have blended in marriage to yield a third—a family.

The middle years thrive on a serene mutuality, on an understanding no longer practiced but spontaneous.

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So very long a journey, traveled so quickly. We rest now, suffused with gratitude and recollection. Life has been good, and so have we together.

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'MAY I ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT LOVE?'

BY SANDFORD BROWN

To find out what the nation thinks and does about love, Elmo Roper's interviewers put 75 searching inquiries to a representative sample of men and women from coast to coast. Here are their answers—frank, funny, fascinating.

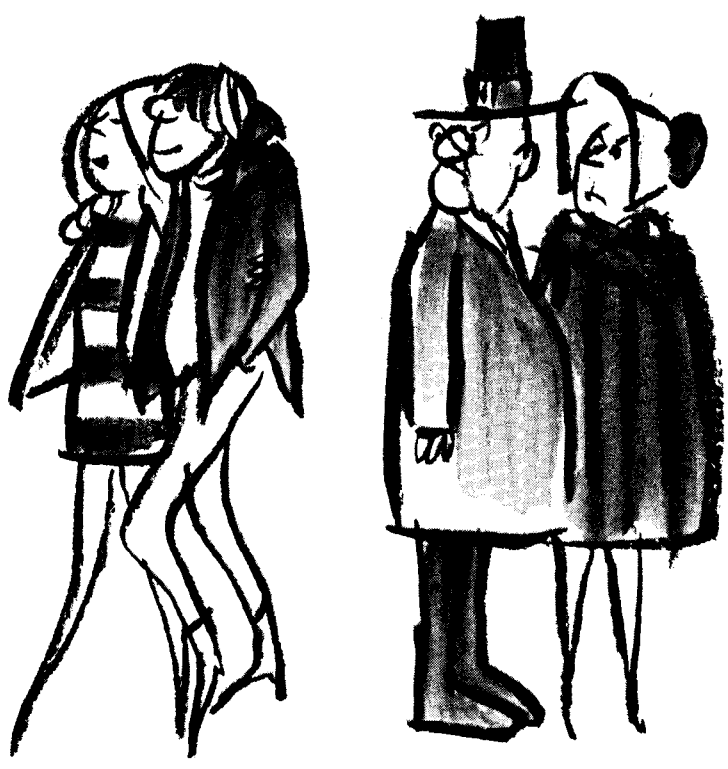
How many times have you been deeply in love? Do you love many people, quite a lot of people, only a few people, or no one? Describe what love means to you. Do you think it is realistic to expect a husband and wife to love each other all of their lives? In your opinion, is adultery ever permissible? How happy are you in your marriage?

There is a widely held conviction, almost an unquestioning assumption, that the moral quality of life in this country is changing for the worse. Fully half of us believe that the amount of closeness and love in the average American family has declined since we were children, and very few think that it has improved. Even young men and women just arrived at adulthood sense a loss of grace in family life in the few years since they were children. And more than two thirds of us, young and old, are convinced that sexual moral standards in America are worse than they were a generation ago—part of the same pervasive impression of old and good values fading away.

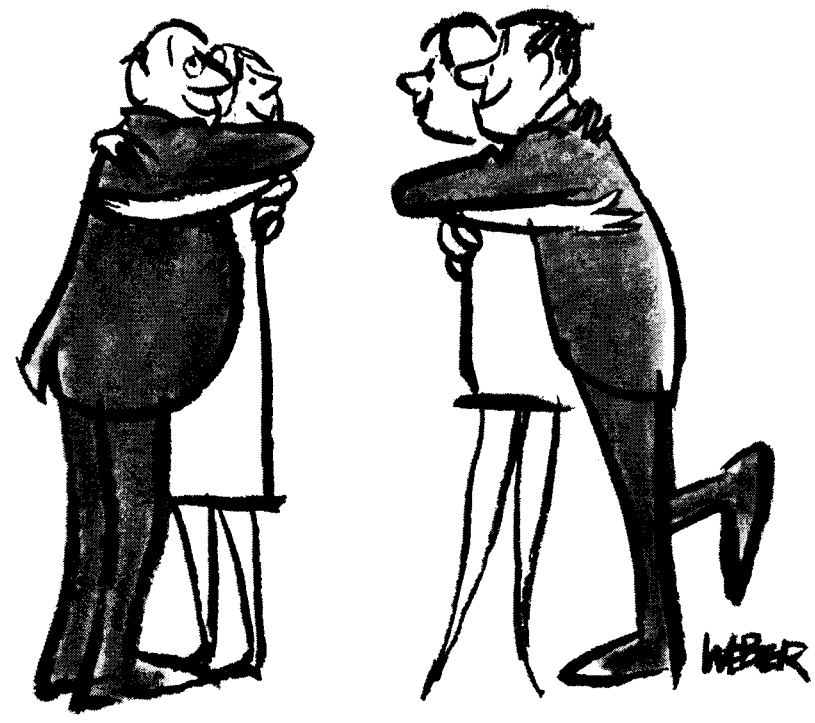
But when Americans are asked to answer questions about their own conduct and views, and those of the people they know best, a quite different picture emerges of the state of love, marriage and morality in the United States.

- Over half of the married Americans—52% of them—say that they are "very happy" in their marriages, and another 25% say that they are "moderately happy." Only 5% say they are "not very happy."
- Today's Americans generally feel that they are more happily married than their parents were. Only 47% of the people polled recalled that their parents' marriage was very happy and 11% remembered that it was unhappy.
- When asked to judge their friends' marriages, 51% of all Americans think that more than half of them are happy, and only 27% consider more than half of them to be unhappy.
- Although many of the sociological findings in recent years seem to scoff at love as a lasting force in life, three quarters of all Americans, married and unmarried, feel that it is completely realistic to expect a husband and wife to love each other throughout their lives.
- Adultery is still taboo to the great majority of Americans. Nearly three quarters of the respondents to the poll feel that it is not permissible under any circumstances.

To gather the data that produced these and other answers, Elmo Roper and Associates conducted a special poll for the *Post*. The questions were asked of a thousand people scientifically selected by the Roper firm to be an accurate cross section of 123,387,000 Americans over the age of 18. The characteristics of the group closely parallel the characteristics of the whole U.S. population over 18 in terms of age, sex, marital status, number of



Are morals becoming more lax? Two thirds of all Americans think so. But the poll also discloses that the actual code of most Americans is still strict.



Happy families breed happy families. Couples whose parents had happy marriages are more than likely to end up happily married themselves.

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children and place of residence (the pollees live in 39 states extending from Maine to California).

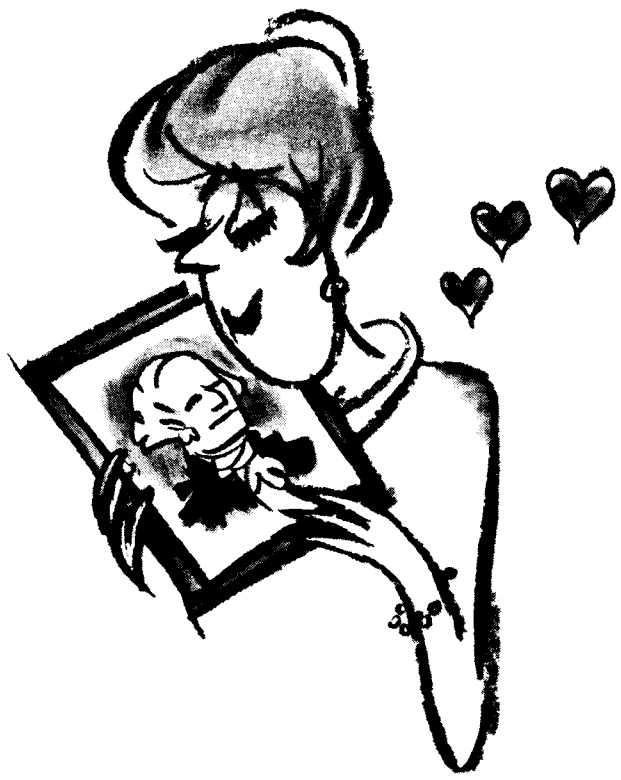
Not everyone welcomed being approached by the Roper interviewers. One woman scanned the questionnaire and promptly ordered the interviewer from her home, shouting that the pollster "should be ashamed to show anyone questions like that." But the overwhelming majority of the people who were approached were happy to probe their feelings and give their views. To encourage frank replies, they were asked to answer most of the questions in writing, while the interviewer waited. There were few "folds"—pollster jargon for respondents who suddenly decide to stop responding in mid-interview. In fact, some interviewers encountered people who said they had been waiting for a long time for the chance "to talk to someone about these very things." In a few cases pollees struck up conversations and volunteered—as one interviewer reported—"much more personal information than I cared to hear."

In any opinion poll there are elements that cannot be controlled—and the problem is undoubtedly magnified when the subject is as emotion-charged as this one. Words like "love" and "romance" are full of semantic complexities that may affect what people say about them. Modesty, wishful thinking or the urge for self-justification may color the answers people give about their love life. While the poll is tabulated to cross-check a pollee's attitudes on one subject against his views on another—for example, to see if people who recall a happy childhood tend to claim they are now happily married—there is always the chance that such "correlations" may reflect nothing more than the predisposition of some pollees to see the bright (or dark) side of everything.

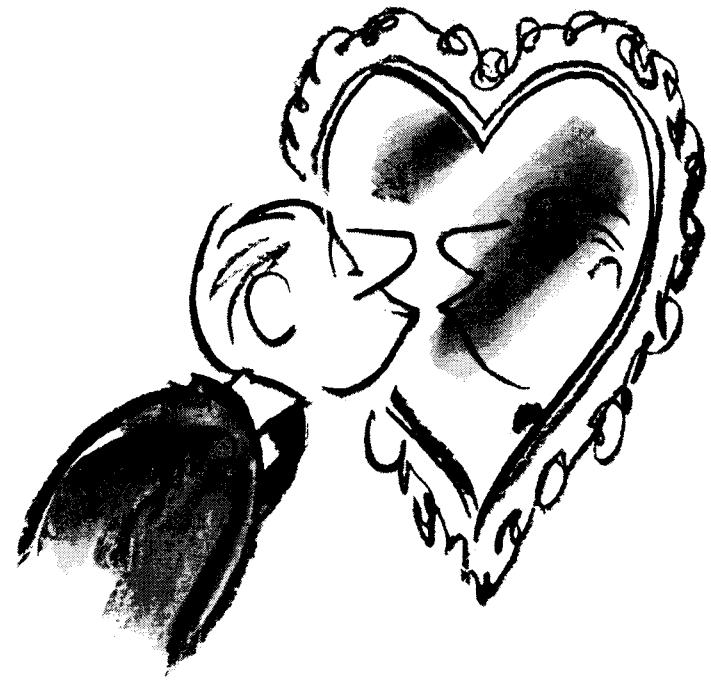
But if no questionnaire can probe very far below the psychological surface, the surface itself can show a great deal. An opinion poll can detect revealing differences between what people say they believe and what they really believe, between their objective opinions on a subject and the much truer picture of the subject reflected in their subjective feelings.

What *is* love as Americans define it? It is a complex emotion, not necessarily limited to romance and marriage. One question in the poll asked simply *Do you love . . . ?* and then listed six choices to be checked or left blank. *Children* was checked by 92% of the people; *God* by 86%; *the United States* by 75%; *Animals* by 66%; *Yourself* by 33% and *Your enemies* by 20%. Women are the vainest of the subgroups; men the most patriotic—growing more so the older they get; women over 55 speak most charitably of their enemies, and men over 55 are the greatest animal lovers.

Would you say you have ever loved an American President? The question may stretch the definition of love to its limits, but, surprisingly, only 39% of respondents answered "No." The names of the five most recent Presidents were listed on the questionnaire, with space left for write-in votes, and the overwhelming winner was John F. Kennedy, with 42% of the ballots. J.F.K.'s strongest supporters are young women (53%), but he carries all age groups among both men and women. Franklin D. Roosevelt narrowly edges out Dwight D. Eisenhower for second place by 19% to 18%, mainly because of strong support from older age groups; Lyndon Johnson is fourth, with 10%, and Harry Truman is named by 7% of the respondents. Lincoln leads the write-in candidates with 1% of the total vote.



Have you ever loved a President? Of those who had, 42 percent loved John Kennedy but only 10 percent love Lyndon Johnson. L.B.J. also trailed F.D.R. and Ike.



Almost half the young women admit they love themselves, and, surprisingly, so do a third of the young men. Older people are less vain—or perhaps just less candid.

Do you love any famous person? If so, whom? No one got more than 1% of the vote here, since 71% of respondents said they don't love any celebrity. But a vast range of personages got one or more mentions—including Frank Sinatra, Dr. Schweitzer, Elizabeth Taylor, William F. Buckley Jr., Robert E. Lee, Willie Mays, God, Norman Rockwell and "my mother-in-law."

Essentially, of course, love means romantic love. The poll shows, however, that the average American is not overwhelmingly "romantic" in his views on love. One question asked the respondents to pick from a list of 10 words the ones that describe what love meant to them at the time they "first fell deeply in love." The words were *Companionship*, *Longing*, *Excitement*, *Contentment*, *Closeness*, *Passion*, *Suffering*, *Happiness*, *Romance* and *Security*. The respondents recalled feelings of closeness (47%) and companionship (49%) much more readily than emotions like excitement (30%) and passion (21%).

As they grow older, Americans become even less romantic in their definition of love. When the respondents were asked to pick the words that describe "what love means to you now," companionship rose to 71%, passion fell to 18% and excitement to 14%

Interestingly enough, the American bachelor turns out to be more romantic than the unmarried woman. Of the single women, only 22% checked romance and 12% passion as "words that describe what love means" to them, while 28% of the bachelors chose romance and 24% passion.

Throughout the survey single people understandably tended to take somewhat different views of love and marriage than husbands and wives. But whatever their views, most unmarried Americans definitely plan on marrying someday—84% of the bachelors and 65% of the single women. When asked how they felt about not being married, the unmarried replied with fine bravado. A sturdy 55% declared they were not concerned, and 32% felt positively good about the situation.

When they do get around to marrying, 76% of the single Americans will do so for love—according to the replies of Americans who have already taken the plunge. A desire to have children is the runner-up reason among both men and women, with 24% choosing it as one of their two main reasons for marrying. Sex, they say, is relatively unimportant. Only 16% of the men and 8% of the married women picked it as a major reason for marriage.

Almost no Americans admit to marrying for money, and only a few say they married because of loneliness or "to escape a situation, such as living at home."

Marriage, of course, begins with proposals, and a peculiar discrepancy was uncovered by the question *How many proposals of marriage have you given or received?* Among married women, 33% said they received one proposal in their lifetime; 43% said "two or three" and 13% recalled "four or five." But 54% of married men said they have made only one proposal in their lives, only 32% remembered "two or three," and only a handful recalled more than three. While respondents in the poll were not necessarily married to other respondents, this sort of imbalance is not possible mathematically unless somebody was either shading the truth or mistaken. The most likely conclusion is that women tend to exaggerate the number of proposals they get—or perhaps see marriage proposals in certain male offers which men themselves intend as something different.

But what happens when couples finally do get married? Tolstoy observes in *Anna Karenina* that "all happy families resemble one another, but every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." Whether or not marital happiness is a single commodity, it does appear to be communicable from generation to generation, with happily married families tending to produce more of the same. Cross-correlation of two questions shows that 66% of respondents who described their own marriages as very happy picked the same phrase to describe their parents' marriage. People who were moderately happy themselves tended to place their parents somewhere between this category and "not very happy" in the poll tabulations. The great majority—72%—of people who recalled "a great deal" of kissing and open affection in their families when they were children reported that they are now very happy in their marriages—while only 5% of people whose parents seemed very affectionate now report that their own marriages are not very happy.

There are other factors too. Nearly half of the respondents said they think a person's education has an effect on his chances for happiness in love. Thus, 44% of male college graduates believe that people with a college education tend to have more satisfying romantic lives than high-school graduates or people with no more than a grade-school education. Male high school graduates favor their own group, 25% voting for high schoolers as "most satisfied" and 13% voting for collegians.

Drawings by Robert Weber

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There were few votes for grade schoolers, even among grade schoolers themselves—and women, in general, rated education as somewhat less important to emotional contentment than men did.

There was more unanimity on the importance of income, with 74% believing that a person's income does have a bearing on a satisfying love life. But not too much income: Picking among low, average and high incomes as the best guarantee for happiness, 57% of all respondents said "average" and only 12% picked "high." This vote may be partly self-justifying, but more than likely it reflects the connotations of jet-set wife swapping, which people read into the phrase "high income."

Whatever their educations, American men and women seem to love in different ways. The main difference is that women at all ages reported loving more people than men do. For example, 42% of women said they love "many people," while only 27% of the men gave this answer; in contrast, 44% of men, but only 27% of women, said they love "only a few." Besides being more "loving" in general, women seem to be more sensitive to love, and certainly more at ease about discussing it.

Men also learn to love more slowly, through their experience of marriage and family life, while women come to it more naturally. *Do you get more love than you give?* Young married men start out loving relatively few people and tend to be "getters" rather than "givers" of love. Women start with a more idealistic and all-encompassing concept of love (only 22% of young women answered "only a few" to the question of how many they love), and they generally maintain this pattern. Men seem to catch up gradually, becoming more open and "loving" as they grow older—the percentage of males who love "only a few" drops to 33% in the 40–54 age group.

Most Americans seem to be content with their share of love. A total of 65% of all the respondents said that they get as much love as they give while 15% said that they give more than they get, and another 15% said that they get more than they give. This is one of the subjects on which the single men and women differ from the married. Generally, married people feel they get at least as much love as they give, while the unmarried say they give more than they get.

Over half of all Americans believe that both the bride and groom should be virgins.

Most Americans are as traditional in their thinking about morals as they are about the general subject of love. A total of 55% of all Americans believe that both parties to a marriage should be virgins. (Interestingly, exactly the same percentage felt the same way when surveyed by Roper in 1937.) Of the married women questioned, 62% felt that premarital sex is not permissible, and 50% of the married men agreed. The unmarried persons were more tolerant, as might be expected. Only 58% of the single women and 36% of the single men felt that both the bride and groom should be virgins. Among the least forgiving were the unmarried females over 40—the age when spinsterhood traditionally begins. Only 8% of them approved of premarital sex.

Americans generally do feel, however, that more unmarried people are having sexual relations as a result of the widespread use of "the pill" and other birth-control devices. Significantly, nearly three fourths of the unmarried women under 40 who were canvassed by the poll agreed with this viewpoint.

Not only do most Americans refuse to condone adultery under any condition, but they simply do not believe that most husbands and wives in this country cheat on each other. Asked to consider the married men they knew, 10% of all the respondents guessed that none of them was ever unfaithful to his wife, 32% guessed that "very few" strayed, and another 11% thought that "less than half" had ever committed adultery. Married women generally trusted married men, but single women were more skeptical. Over 40% of the unmarried women between the ages of 25 and 54 felt that more than half of the American husbands were unfaithful at one time or other.

Americans as a whole have more faith in the virtue of wives than of husbands. Twenty percent of the sample said that none of the married women they knew ever committed adultery, 42% said that very few did, and 11% said less than half. Single men are more suspicious of married women, but not as suspicious as single women are of married men.

One of the most significant findings of the poll is that many Americans, as they grow older, seem to love their spouses more and more. To be sure, 38% of the women and 34% of the men maintained that they have always loved their spouses the same. But 36% of the women and 32% of the men said that their love had grown over the years. Only 14% of the husbands and wives felt that their love had faded.

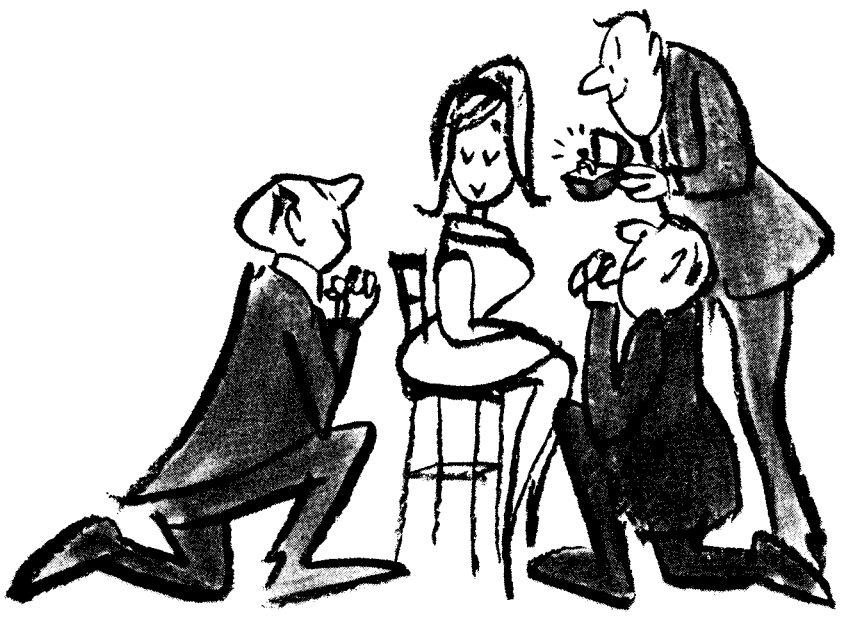
Not everyone is ecstatic, however. The number of husbands and wives who call themselves very happy begins to drop from 64% in the early 20's until it is down to 44% for both husbands and wives between the ages of 40 and 54. This statistic, bolstered to some extent by answers to other questions, suggests that there may be truth in the American folklore of a "dangerous age," when husbands begin to chafe in the bonds and yearn to relive the adventures of their youth. After 55 the figure begins to rise again for the men, but it continues to drop off gradually for the women.

As for the qualities that bind a marriage together, Americans favor *Consideration and understanding* over everything else, when presented with a long list of characteristics. This category was picked by 69% of the respondents. Men also tended to put a premium on *Personality* (44%), *Intelligence* (39%), *Good with children* (37%) and *Homemaking skills* (36%), while women valued *Same religion* (38%), *Common interests* (37%) and *Good with children* (37%). *Good sense of humor* was picked by 32% of all the respondents but sexual attractiveness was picked by only 17%.

These opinions were given by the respondents in answer to questions about marriage in general. When asked to evaluate their own marriages, husbands and wives tended to rate intelligence, good sense of humor, same religion and consideration and understanding somewhat lower, and to rank sexual attractiveness and warmth notably higher.

As the years go by, American husbands and wives begin to change their feelings about each other. Women tend to value personality and sexual attractiveness less with the passing of time, and earning power and common interests more. Men gradually begin to downgrade good looks and sexual attractiveness and upgrade the care of children.

One of the most interesting results of



Women remember receiving more proposals than men say they ever made—which suggests that some of those proposals were merely propositions.

American men and women differ in their approaches to love. The poll found that women tend to love "many people" but men "only a few."

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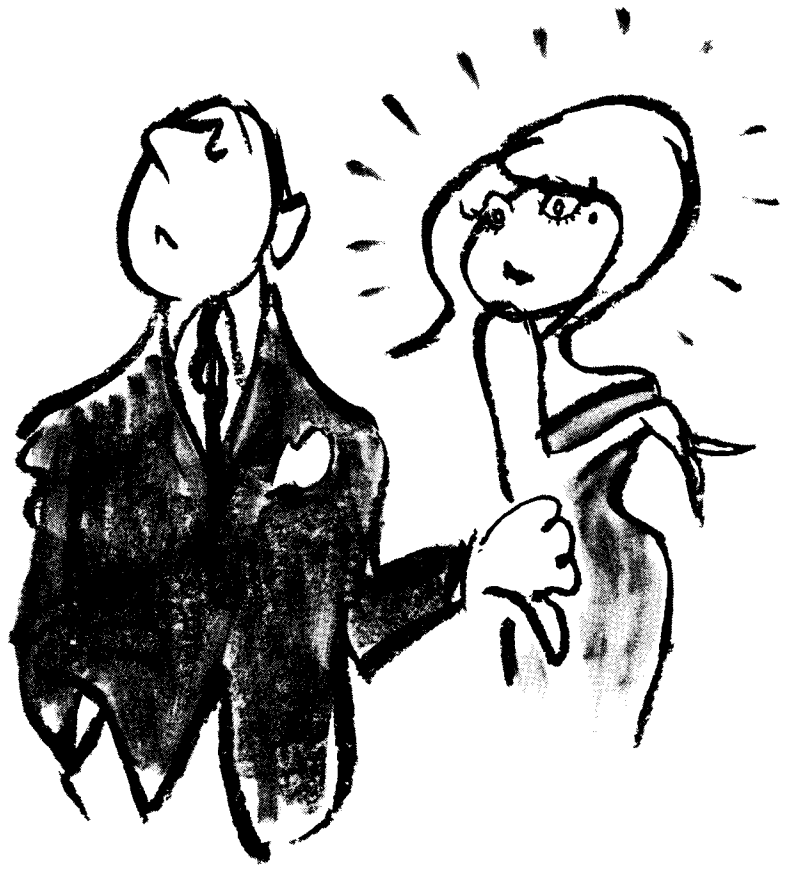

Bachelors distrust beautiful women: Some 29 percent of single men think they make bad wives. Only five percent of bachelors prefer dazzling spouses.

the poll was the discovery that Americans are often mistaken about the values that they believe their mates see in them. Roper's experts questioned both husbands and wives in 456 cases. Since the questionnaires were filled out privately, there was no chance for husband and wife to compare answers. In particular, wives tended to overrate the importance to their husbands of their homemaking skills and sexual attractiveness, while husbands underrate intelligence, common interests and the same religion as qualities their wives most appreciate in them.

Most Americans say it doesn't make any difference how good-looking a spouse is, and bachelors show a definite tendency to distrust beautiful women as potential wives; 29% of the single males voted against them, while only 5% said that they would prefer pretty wives. And women, married and single, were generally quite leery of handsome husbands.

How important is sex to a marriage? Over half of the Americans feel that sex is "enjoyable and important—but other things are just as important." Only 16% say that it is "the main thing around which a good marriage is built," and 20% think "it has its place, but other things are more important." Five percent feel that sex is not necessarily an important part of a good marriage at all.

Married men and women generally agree on the relative importance of sex, but once again the unmarrieds have their own distinct views. A strong 72% of the single males hold that sex is either "the main thing or an enjoyable, important part of marriage."

Would you say that marriage is more sexually satisfying in the early or later years? Replying to this question, Americans could give no clear-cut answer: 27% of the married respondents picked the early years, 24% the later years and 34% said that it was equally satisfying in both periods. Significantly, women over 55 strongly favored the early (54%) over the later (10%), while men in the same age group showed no such strong preference; here is another of the several signs in the poll that suggest that women suffer a more striking emotional loss as they age.

The educational level of both husbands and wives seems to have a direct effect on the enjoyment they get from sex during marriage. Men with grade-school educations or less favored the early years against the later (25% versus 20%), while college graduates voted for the later over the early (29% versus 24%). But a much more startling contrast shows up in the views of the wives. Of the women with grade-school educations or less, 51% said that the early years of their marriage were more satisfying than the later, and only 7% felt the opposite. In contrast, 35% of the wives who were college graduates felt that the later years were better than the early ones, and only 18% of them were of the opposite opinion.

How often do you and your spouse have heated arguments with each other? Of those husbands and wives who said they were "deeply in love," only 2% fight several times a week, 7% fight several times a month, and 52% fight once every few months or less. Of those who said they were "not in love right now," 12% fight several times a week, 21% fight several times a month, and only 23% fight rarely.

Do you mind if others kiss your spouse hello or good-bye at a party? The decision was split: 30% (including 45% of the younger people) do mind, 33% don't and 25% don't mind if it's on the cheek. Husbands and wives who live in small towns tend to be less permissive about this sort of thing than those who live in big cities, and men, for some reason, seem oddly reticent about this matter—19% of all males, and 29% of the males over 55, flatly refused to answer this question.

What are reasonable grounds for divorce? On almost every count Americans are more lenient about divorce today than they were 30 years ago. While 34% said they would grant a divorce for adultery in 1937, 52% said they would today; 23% checked physical cruelty in 1937, versus 47% today. Other grounds listed, in the order current pollees weighted them, with the percentage comparisons from 1937 to 1966: *Desertion* (25% to 46%); *Non-support* (22% to 42%); *Mental cruelty* (12% to 39%); *Incompatibility* (16% to 28%); *Any reason making the marriage unhappy* (29% to 20%; this is the only decline). As can be seen, adultery is the only charge that an actual majority considers ground for divorce, but whereas 17% of 1937 pollees said they don't believe in divorce, only 13% said this in 1966. And half of all the pollees believe that it is worse for children to live with parents whose marriage is very unhappy than it is to have their parents get a divorce (40% said divorce is worse and 10% did not answer this question).

Men and women show small divergence in their attitudes toward divorce, but their views do differ markedly with their education. Among men, for example, 45% of college graduates would grant a divorce for incompatibility, while only 30% of high-school graduates and 14% of grade-school graduates would allow it. Among women, physical cruelty is a ground for divorce for 69% of college graduates, 50% of high-school graduates and only 31% of grade-school graduates.

There are, obviously, large differences on divorce among Americans according to their religion. In general, Protestants and Jews are more liberal than the average and Catholics less so—although, surprisingly, only 25% of the Catholics say flatly that they don't believe in divorce.

What does it all add up to? Viewed as a whole, the survey indicates that American men and women pass through very definite and contrasting cycles of love. Women, who start out with a stronger affinity for love, are happiest in their marriages when they are young. Certain signs of discontent begin to appear when the women reach the age of 40, and they seem to increase gradually after 55.

American men, on the other hand, are more reluctant to display affection in their early years. But as they grow older, their capacity for love steadily increases. While the traditional years of 40 to 54 may provide problems, the later years of life seem fuller for men than they do for women.

The present generation of American women under 40 is leading a much more active life than any that has gone before. It will be interesting to see if the jobs, careers and interests outside the home will help American women dodge the dangers of marital dissatisfaction as they grow older.

Whether or not this occurs, American women can take a kind of comfort from another finding of the survey. Both men and women named their mothers more frequently than their fathers as the parent they loved more as a child, as the parent who loved *them* more as a child, and as the parent they now love more as an adult. Women, fittingly enough, remain the center of love in the American home. □

There is indeed a "dangerous age" for married men: Husbands 40 to 54 years old are by far the least content—but bliss picks up again.

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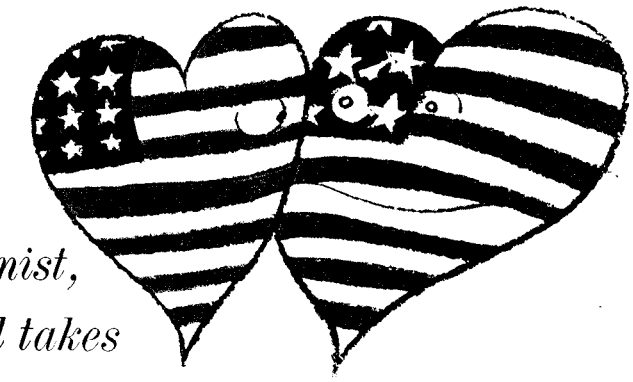
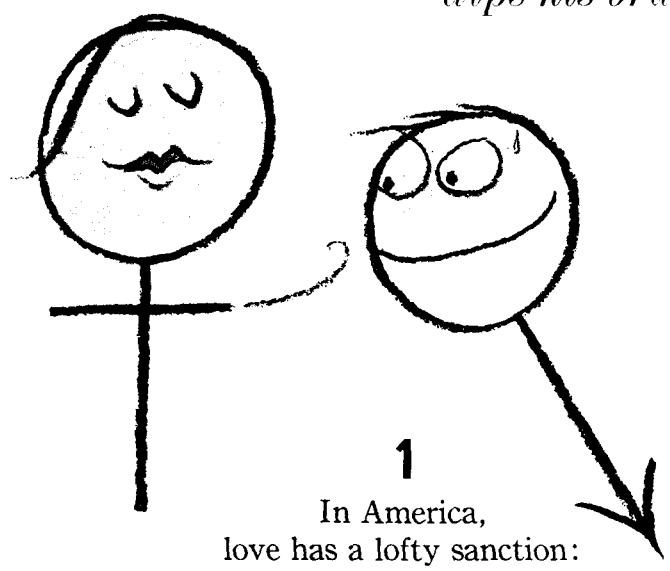
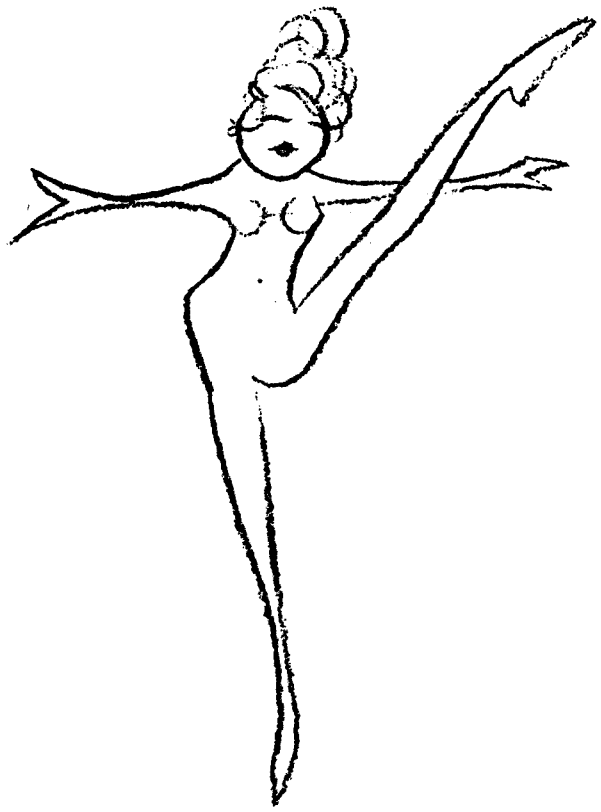


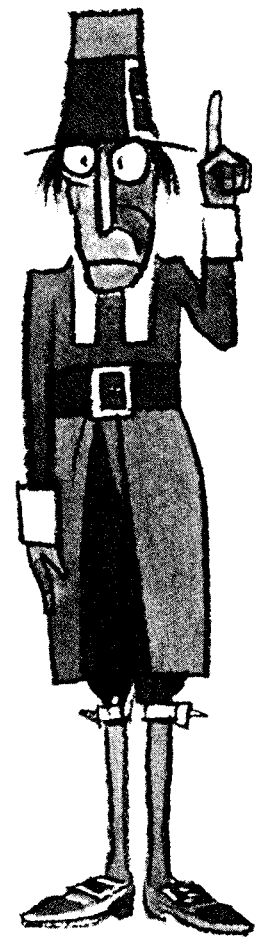
Robert Osborn, the noted cartoonist,
dips his brush in impudence and takes
a few deft strokes at

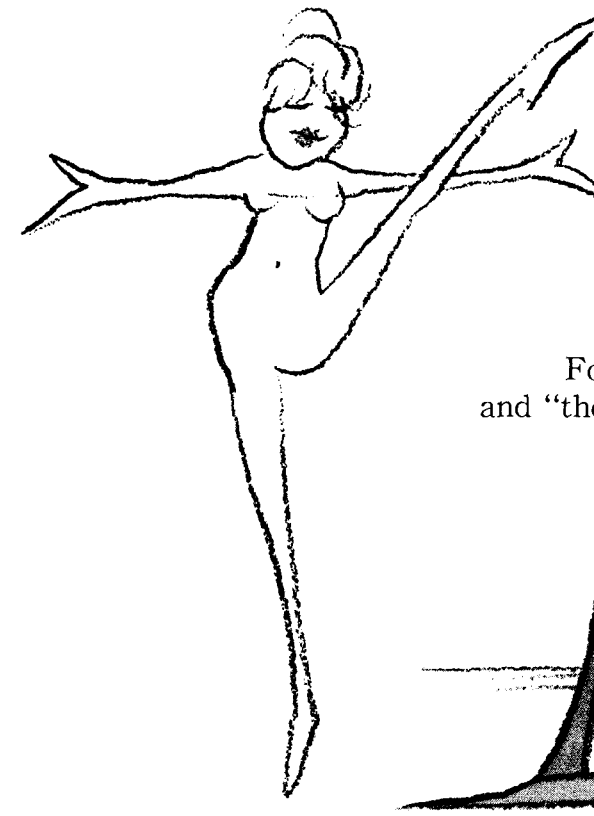
THE AMERICAN WAY OF LOVE



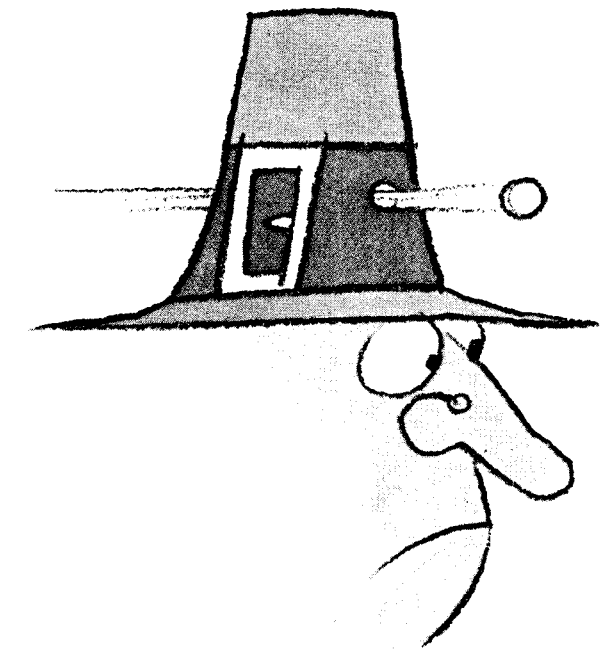
1
In America,
love has a lofty sanction:
The Declaration of Independence
decrees our right to
"the pursuit of happiness," and
the Constitution urges us
toward "a more perfect Union."







3
For some, science
and "the pill" have punctured
the problem . . .



2 Of course, the Puritan heritage has been inhibiting.

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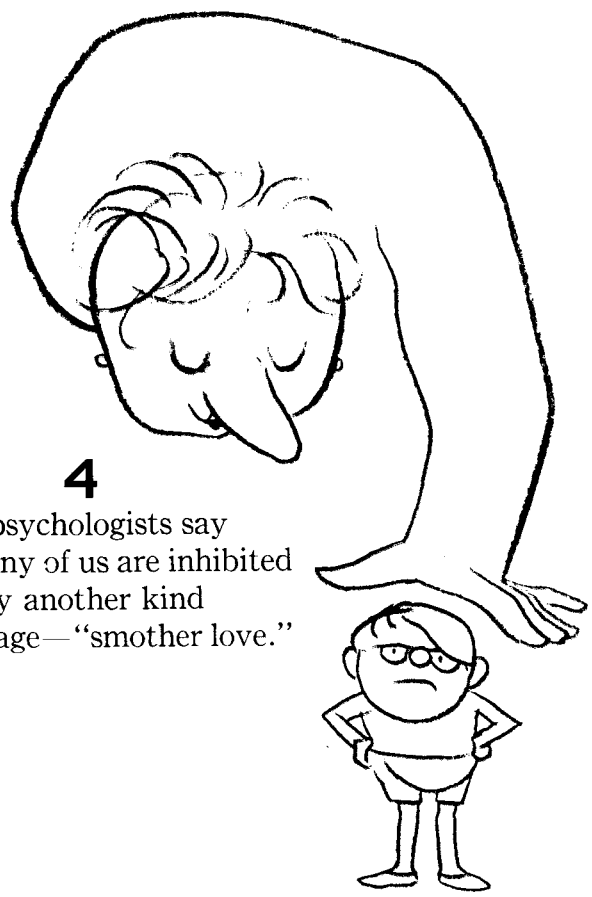
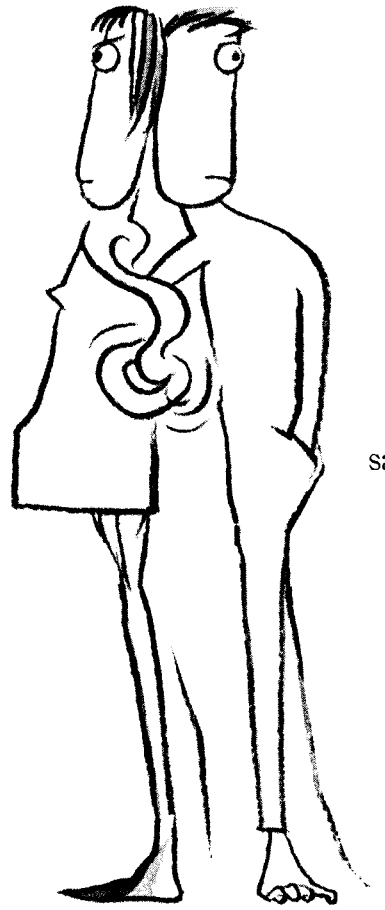


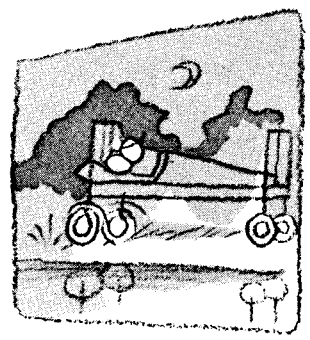
4

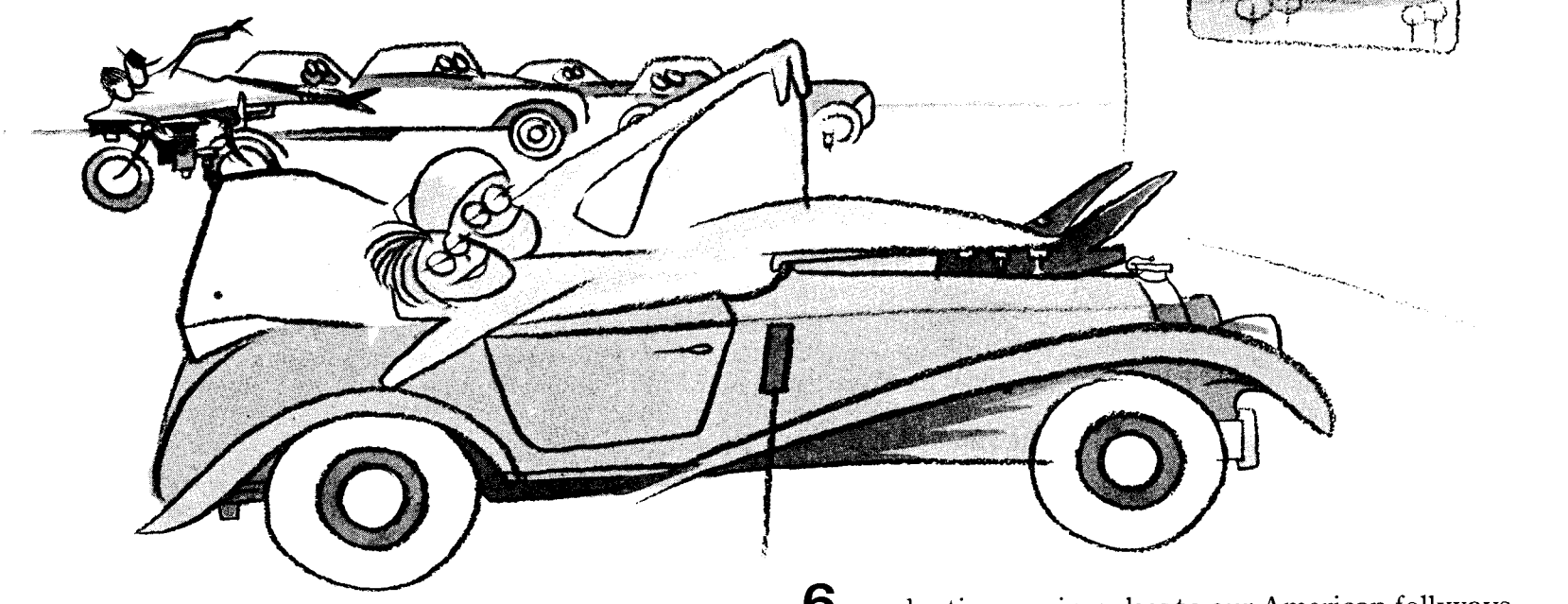
...but psychologists say
that many of us are inhibited
by another kind
of heritage—"smother love."



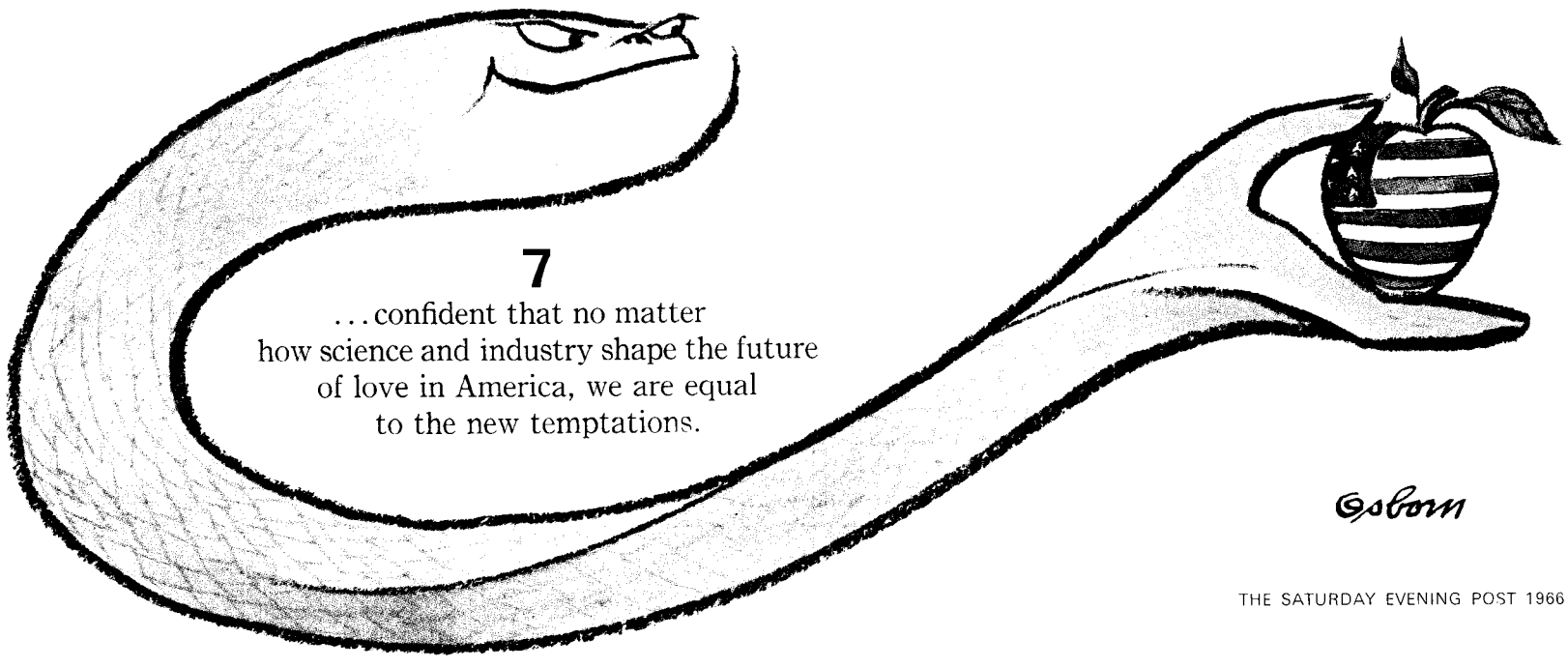
5

Most of us, however,
satisfactorily grapple with
our conflicts...





6...adapting our impulses to our American folkways...



7

...confident that no matter
how science and industry shape the future
of love in America, we are equal
to the new temptations.

Osborn

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AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF LOVE U.S.A.

By

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.

The Founding Fathers dedicated this republic to the agreeable proposition that all men, and all Americans especially, were endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Their descendants have been trying to claim these rights for themselves ever since. We have, on the whole, caught up with life and liberty. But, so far as the third item is concerned, we appear to have had a good deal more pursuit than happiness.

"This people is one of the happiest in the world," wrote Alexis de Tocqueville a century and a quarter ago. Would anyone say this so confidently today? The pursuit of happiness has never ceased, but we seem to be falling farther and farther behind our goal. George and Martha were once the father and mother of their country. Now they revile each other in a thousand movie houses in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* The passion for happiness carries us everywhere—to the neighborhood saloon and the psychoanalyst's couch, to the marriage counselor and the divorce lawyer, to promiscuity, homosexuality and impotence, to mom or to marijuana and amphetamines—everywhere, evidently, except to happiness itself.

What has happened to the American theory of happiness? We have always construed that theory in private terms—in terms of individual success and individual fulfillment. And if, for some, such success and fulfillment can come from acquiring power or money, for very many Americans it comes ultimately from the triumphs and consolations of personal relations—above all, the relation of love. As a nation we have inherited the dream of love brought to our shores by the earliest colonists, a dream nourished by our fantasies but often negated by facts.

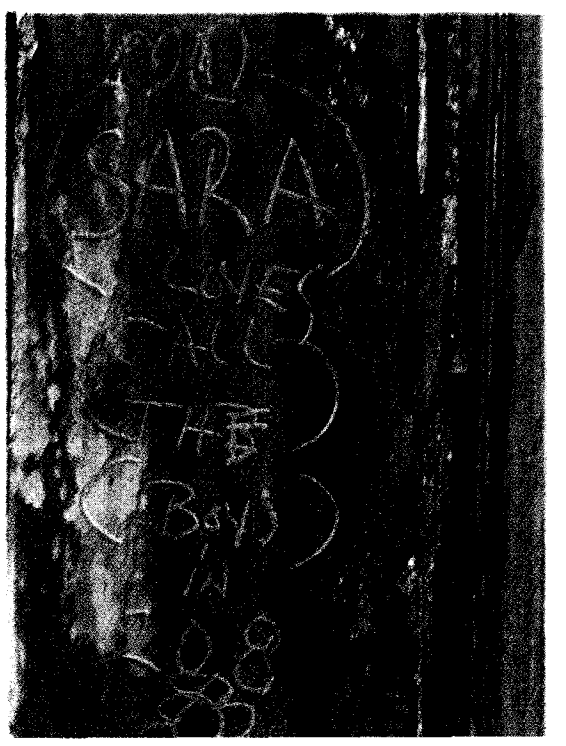
So fundamental is the romantic dream to our lives that we do not realize how small a part of mankind through history has shared it. All ages and cultures, of course, have known marriage and family. Some peoples, like the old Romans or the Indians of the *Kamasutra*, have thought deeply and ingeniously about sex. But the idea of romantic love as cherished by Americans—the belief in passion and desire as the key to happy marriage and the good life—is relatively new and still largely confined to the Christian world. "In China," Francis L. K. Hsu has reminded us, "the term 'love,' as it is used by Americans, has never been respectable. Up to modern times the term was scarcely used in Chinese literature." (If the Red Guards have their way, it will not be used again.) And even on the continent of Europe, except as the young in recent years have succumbed to the processes of Americanization, passion has been generally kept distinct from marriage and family. There romantic love, that ennobling emotional experience, has remained an improbable hope, to be pursued outside the normal conventions of life and doomed to tragedy. Only the Americans have assumed that passion is destined to fulfillment. Only the Americans have attempted on a large scale the singular experiment of trying to incorporate romantic love into the staid and stolid framework of marriage and the family.

This was true from the start—in spite of misconceptions we still have about the 17th-century Puritans. Stern and God-fearing, the first settlers no doubt rejected the licentiousness of the Old World for the austerity of the New. Yet, for all their condemnation of playing cards, the theater, fancy clothes and other lures of the devil, for all the repression wrought by their dogmatic Calvinism, the Puritans were surprisingly open and frank about sex. Hawthorne's prim moralistic Puritans were characters more of the 19th than of the 17th century. In extreme cases the elders issued their scarlet letters; they insisted on confessions of fornication in open church (and these became so common that they were almost routine); and they rebuked outspoken hussies, like Abigail Bush of Westfield who said in 1697 that her new stepmother was "hot as a bitch." But, if one might expect John Rolfe to go off with Pocahontas in hot-blooded Virginia, one must not forget that Priscilla Mullens and John Alden lived and loved in rockbound Plymouth. Gov. William Bradford in his *History of Plymouth Plantation*, after roundly deploring the sexual excesses of his flock, concluded philosophically:

> *It may be in this case as it is with waters when their streams are stopped or dammed up; when they get passage they flow with more violence, and make more noise and disturbance, than when they are suffered to run quietly in their own channels.*

The elders expelled James Mattock from the First Church of Boston for declining to sleep with his wife; and town records show that Puritan ministers cheerfully married an as-

A Puritan patriarch intrudes upon a frolic in his home.



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We have the wrong idea

about our Puritan forebears. For all their austerity,

they saw sex as natural and joyous.

The Puritans punished excesses but did not frown on love.

tonishing number of New England maidens already well along with their first babies.

After all, if the Puritans put people into stocks, they also bundled. No doubt this was because houses were small and winters cold, and young men and women could find privacy and warmth only in bed. "Why it should be thought incredible," wrote the Rev. Samuel Peters, "for a young man and young woman innocently and virtuously to lie down together in a bed with a great part of their clothes on, I cannot conceive." If the Reverend Peters could not conceive, some of the young bundlers evidently did. One thing sometimes led to another, then as now; and still the practice continued in Puritan New England for nearly two centuries.

The Puritans thus in their way saw sex as a natural and joyous part of marriage, to be plainly discussed and freely accepted. A Marylander visiting Boston in 1744 could report: "This place abounds with pretty women who appear rather more abroad than they do at [New] York and dress elegantly. They are, for the most part, free and affable as well as pretty. I saw not one prude while I was there." He would not have been so fortunate a century later. For, though passion and marriage continued together in the romantic dream, circumstances were conspiring to separate them in American reality.

For one thing the very proclamation of independence and the formation of the new democratic republic contained a deep and subtle challenge to the ideals of romantic love. Romance, after all, had sprung up in the feudalism of medieval Europe, as the pastime of the nobility. The American colonies had no nobility, no feudal institutions, and the new republic pledged itself to liberty, equality and rationality. The bright, clear light of the young nation was hard on passion. "No author, without a trial," observed Hawthorne, "can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land."

The French writer Stendhal, reflecting on romantic love half a century after the Declaration of Independence, predicted sorrowfully that it has no future in America. "They have such a *habit of reason* in the United States," he wrote, "that 'crystallization' [by which he meant the moment of abandonment to love] has become impossible. . . . Of the pleasure that passion gives I see nothing." In Europe, "desire is sharpened by restraint; in America it is blunted by liberty."

In America desire was blunted too by the role of marriage in a new country. For the incessant demand for population and labor was transforming marriage into a service institution, and this utilitarian motive was fundamentally at conflict with the old ideals of romantic love. Benjamin Franklin, an instinctive anti-romantic, made the point with characteristic pungency in 1745: "A single man has not nearly the value he would have in [a] state of union. He is an incomplete animal. He resembles the odd half of a pair of scissors." When a good colonist met and married a girl right off the boat, it was probably less a case of love at first sight than of an overweening practical need for a wife—if only to escape the bachelors' tax. And when a man instructed his wife to dress only in a shift at the wedding ceremony, it was less because of concupiscence than of computation; for a widow, by thus symbolizing her poverty, could spare her new husband responsibility for the debts of his predecessor. So South Kingstown, R.I., February, 1720:

> *Thomas Calverwell was joyned in marriage to Abigail Calverwell his wife. . . . He took her in marriage after she had gone four times across the highway in only her shift and hair-lace and no other clothing. Joyned together in marriage by me* GEORGE HAZARD, *Justice*

Men absorbed in building a new land in the wilderness had little time or energy left for the cultivation of romantic passions. And, as the new nation grew, they seemed to have even less time. By the early part of the 19th century the making of money was becoming an obsessive masculine goal. Tocqueville, visiting the United States in 1831-32, noted that American men had contracted "the ways of thinking of the manufacturing and trading classes." This constituted another blow to romance. Few American men, Tocqueville said, were "ever known to give way to those idle and solitary meditations which commonly precede and produce the great emotions of the heart."

If American men were becoming too preoccupied for passion, American women were becoming too rational. Scarcity gave women in the early colonies and, later, on the ever-receding frontier a measure of bargaining power they could never have expected in the homeland, and they happily seized every opportunity for self-assertion. One finds even George Washington commenting ruefully on female independence. He wrote in 1783:

> *I never did, nor do I believe I ever shall, give advice to a woman who is setting out on a matrimonial voyage; first, because I never could advise one to marry without her consent; and, secondly, because I know it is to no purpose to advise her to refrain when she has obtained it. A woman very rarely asks an opinion or requires advice on such an occasion, till her resolution is formed; and then it is with the hope and expectation of obtaining a sanction, not that she means to be governed by your disapprobation.*

This is one of the first descriptions of the clear-eyed, rational American girl who would grow in glory through the 19th century and have her final triumph as the heroine of the novels of Henry James and in the drawings of Charles Dana Gibson. From the start she was a source of wonder to foreigners. Young

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In the 19th century,

American men became too interested in making money

to bother with love—

and women too prudish.

A valentine shows the Victorian ideal: spiritual love.

Tocqueville, encountering her wherever he went, confessed himself "almost frightened at [her] singular address and happy boldness." She rarely displayed, he said, "that virginal bloom in the midst of young desires or that innocent and ingenuous grace" characteristic of the girls he knew in Europe; but she was far more formidable, thinking for herself, speaking with freedom, acting on her own impulse, surveying the world with "firm and calm gaze," viewing the vices of society "without illusion" and braving them "without fear." Above all there was her remarkable, her terrible self-control: "She indulges in all permitted pleasures without yielding herself up to any of them, and her reason never allows the reins of self-guidance to drop." The result, the young Frenchman decided, was "to make cold and virtuous women instead of affectionate wives and agreeable companions to men. Society may be more tranquil and better regulated, but domestic life has often fewer charms."

So as America entered the 19th century, love was lost between the preoccupied male and the cool female. The memory of passion lingered, the haunting hope of romantic fulfillment. "Give all to love," sang Emerson:

> *Obey thy heart;*
> *Friendship, kindred, days,*
> *Estate, good fame,*
> *Plans, credit, and the Muse—*
> *Nothing refuse.*

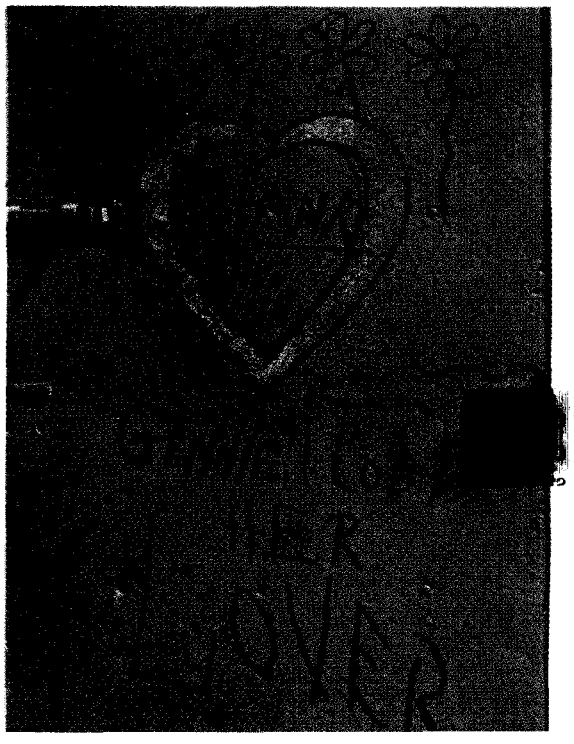
The sentimental popular novel dilated endlessly on romance. The new middle class reveled in the fantasy of love. But in practice not many (not Emerson himself) gave all to love—and least of all estate, fame, plans or credit. When Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury was accused of having connived with a minor official in crooked financial dealings, he triumphantly proved that his payments to Mr. Reynolds involved no corruption at all; they were simply in exchange for the favors of Mrs. Reynolds. This was the pattern of priority in the new republic.

The growing conflict between romantic dream and bourgeois circumstance set the pursuit of happiness on its path of frustration. Passion and marriage, which the American experiment in love had tried to bring together, were now in the 19th century thrust asunder. Sex once again became a matter of physical gratification, which man warily pursued on his own. "If ye touch at the islands, Mr. Flask," shouted Captain Bildad in his farewell to the *Pequod* in *Moby Dick*, "beware of fornication. Good-bye, good-bye!" Marriage was to be a higher union of souls, with sexual emotion strictly confined to its procreative goal. Such was the accepted view. But the strain between the theory and reality now introduced a deep and disabling confusion into the American attitude toward love.

Tocqueville commented on "the great change which takes place in all the habits of women in the United States as soon as they are married." He attributed this to their "cold and stern reasoning power" which taught them that "the amusements of the girl cannot become the recreations of the wife," banished their "spirit of levity and independence" and dedicated them to the notion that "the sources of a married woman's happiness are in the home of her husband." For his part the 19th-century American husband placed his wife on a pedestal as one above the temptations of physical passion. So the cool girl tended to become the frigid wife, sentimentality replaced sexuality, and the 19th-century marriage lost the sense of easy companionship between man and woman. "In America," wrote Mrs. Frances Trollope, a traveler from England, "with the exception of dancing, which is almost wholly confined to the unmarried of both sexes, all the enjoyments of the men are found in the absence of the women. They dine, they play cards, they have musical meetings, they have suppers, all in large parties, but all without women. . . . The two sexes can hardly mix for the greater part of a day without [redacted] straint and ennui."

Soon, the 19th-century marriage, as it divorced itself from passion, began to acquire an appalling gentility. The plain speaking of the early Puritans was long since forgotten. Soon the shadow of Queen Victoria was to fall almost more heavily on America than on her native land. Mrs. Trollope was exasperated to discover, for example, that men and women could visit the art gallery in Philadelphia only in separate groups, lest exposure to classical statues cause embarrassment in mixed company. Often statues were draped to spare the female sensibility. Captain Marryat, the sturdy British novelist, asked a young American lady who had fallen off a rock whether she had hurt her leg. To his total bafflement, she appeared deeply offended. Finally she instructed him that the word "leg" was never used before ladies; in mixed company, she said, the word was "limb." Later, visiting a ladies' seminary, Marryat was stunned to see a square piano with four limbs, each of which, to protect the pupils, had been dressed in little trousers with frills at the bottom.

The sickness of prudery grew in the course of the century. By the '80's the public library of Concord, Mass., was banning *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* as a dirty book. By the '90's tracts like *From the Ball-Room to Hell* explained how the waltz led young ladies to ruin. According to Thomas Beer in *The Mauve Decade*, ladies of gentle breeding were specifying in the premarital contracts with their well-bred fiancés that



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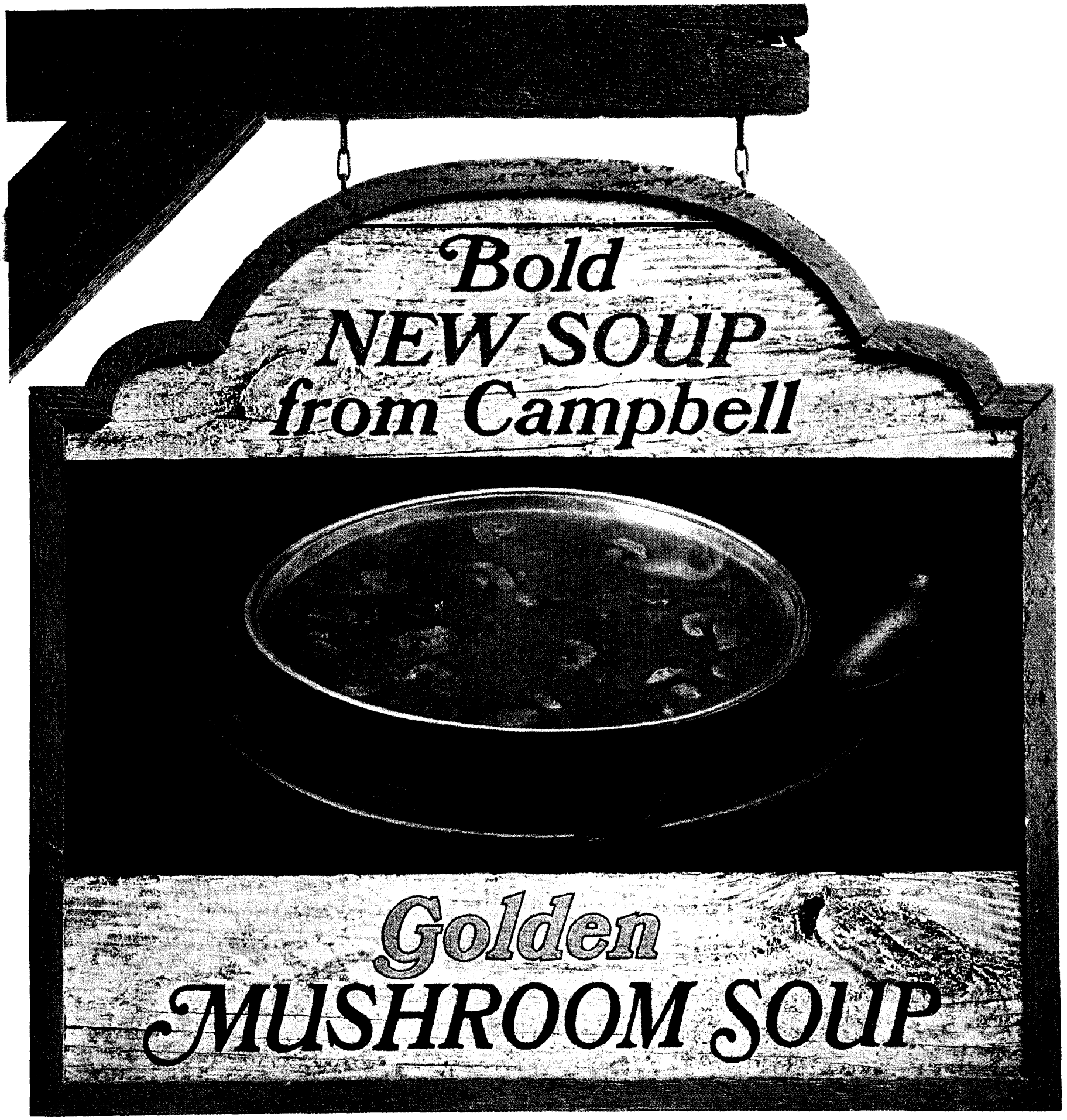

Country Inn Style! Sliced mushrooms in rich beef stock!

Beef stock makes the delicious difference in this bold new mushroom soup. It's rich, robust, flavor-laden—laced with sweet country butter and sauterne wine. Thick with succulent, whole-sliced mushrooms. Delicious! Try Campbell's new Golden Mushroom Soup right away! You'll want it often.

A great soup to cook with! Makes instant golden mushroom gravy. (Just add ⅓ cup of water and heat.) Beefs up stews, meat pies, meat casseroles, stroganoffs. Gives meat loafs mushroom flavor, mushroom gravy. You'll love it!

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'America appears to be the only country in the world where love is a national problem.'

the terminology of the wedding ceremony did not imply the right of consummation.

As marriage expelled passion, it was tacitly agreed that men were entitled to an outlet for the base drives of their lower natures, and sex acquired its own separate and accepted domain. This was the heyday of flamboyant prostitution and the "double standard." When Gov. Grover Cleveland of New York, running as the Democratic candidate for President in 1884, was accused of having fathered an illegitimate child 10 years before, it was readily admitted that he had had an affair with Maria Halpin and had assumed responsibility for her child. The Republicans chanted sarcastically in the streets:

Ma! Ma! Where's my pa?
Gone to the White House,
Ha! Ha! Ha!

But the voters elected Cleveland, and on Election Night the Democrats sang:

Hurrah for Maria,
Hurrah for the kid.
We voted for Grover,
And we're damned glad we did.

Cleveland thus benefited from the separation between passion and marriage in the public mind. Eighty years later, when the two had been once again brought together, the electorate snuffed out the presidential ambitions of another governor of New York who had committed the offense, not of illicit romance, but of behaving with splendid legality in divorcing one wife and marrying another.

An even more notorious Victorian case involved the most popular preacher of the day. Here too the separation between passion and marriage enabled the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to ride out a scandal that would very possibly have destroyed his career in a presumably more sophisticated age. A man of magnetic charm and robust appetite, Beecher seduced pretty Elizabeth Tilton, who taught Sunday school at his church. In time the story reached Victoria Woodhull, a leading feminist of the day, who published it in her weekly magazine, rejoicing in this ministerial recognition of the power of sex: "The immense physical potency of Mr. Beecher, and the indomitable urgency of his great nature for the intimacy and embraces of the noble and cultured women about him, instead of being a bad thing, as the world thinks, . . . is one of the noblest and grandest endowments of this truly great and representative man."

Elizabeth Tilton, who had earlier confessed her relations with Beecher to her husband, now rushed to Beecher's defense and denied the charge. Theodore Tilton sued Beecher for the alienation of his wife's affections. While the whole nation watched with palpitant and prurient curiosity, the case ended with a hung jury. Three years later Elizabeth Tilton said, "The charge, brought by my husband, of adultery between myself and the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher was true. . . . The lie I had lived so well the last four years had become intolerable to me." But none of this perceptibly lessened the size of Beecher's congregation or his popularity and moral influence with it.

For most Americans, of course, life went on. Young men and women met, flirted, skated together or went on hayrides, kissed, married, made love, had children and placidly completed the cycle of life. When they thought about love at all, they thought about it with the sentimentality they found in the saccharine popular fiction of the day, or else with overpowering moral gravity. "I lose my respect," said Thoreau, "for the man who can make the mystery of sex the subject of a coarse jest, yet, when you speak earnestly and seriously on the subject, is silent."

Still the schism between passion and marriage, between sacred and profane love, created a pervasive tension in the American consciousness. The expulsion of sex from Victorian marriage led to much agony beneath the respectable surface: sick headaches, neurasthenia, nervous breakdowns, addiction to patent medicines (often containing large admixtures of alcohol or morphine), frigidity, impotence, homosexuality. The more extreme feminists raged at the proposition that women were not expected to find pleasure in the sexual act.

"Yes, I am a free lover!" cried Victoria Woodhull in a public lecture. "I have an inalienable, constitutional, and natural right to love whom I may, to love as long or as short a period as I can, to change that love every day if I please!" Sensitive individuals, unable to join the conspiracy to sweep passion under the rug, grew deeply concerned about sex, fearful of its power, anxious to bring it under control.

Sex became, for example, a central issue in many of the communities founded in mid-century by men and women abandoning contemporary society in search of a more perfect way of living together. Thus one of the older utopian groups, the Shakers, solved the problem of sex by abolishing it. Sworn to celibacy, they kept their communities going by recruitment. Yet as old Governor Bradford had said, water dammed up flows with the greater violence. Visitors noted that, while the Shakers abstained from sexual relations, they indulged instead in ecstatic dances, carried on at increasing tempo till they dropped in dazed exhaustion.

At the other extreme was the sexual experimentation of John Humphrey Noyes at the Oneida Community. Theologically, Noyes was a Perfectionist; he believed that Christ had long since returned to earth and that men of faith were now sinless. His community avowed the principles of complex marriage

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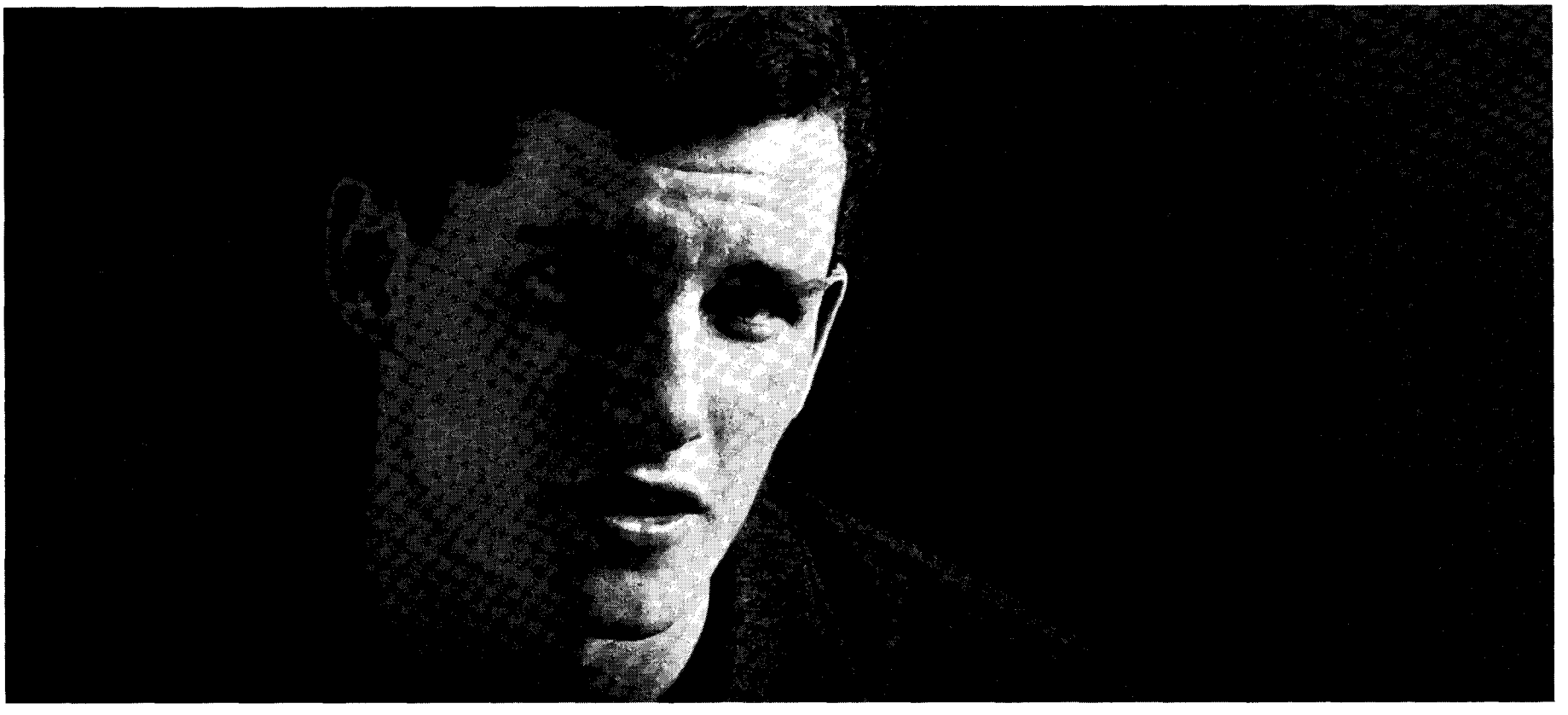

"How come my car insurance costs more than yours, Dad..?"

That teenager of yours might be a better driver than you are. But he's a victim of statistics. Young, unmarried males under 25 have an accident rate three times higher than you do. And because they drive faster, their accidents cost up to 25% more.

Somebody has to pay the bill. That's why your teenager (or you) gets hit with a pretty heavy premium.

The day he gets his license, your premium doubles. If he is number one driver of the family car or owns his own car, the rate jumps three times. And rates are almost out of sight for the teenager with accidents and traffic tickets on his record.

But most insurance companies make it easier for the careful teenage driver. They lower premiums if he successfully completes a Driver Education course. And many offer discounts if he keeps his record free of accidents and traffic tickets for two years or more.

Convince your teenager to slow down, to think at the wheel. Be sure he takes Driver Education at his high school. If it isn't offered, enroll him in a professional driving school. By doing these things, you'll be reducing his chances of an accident by at least 50%.

And you'll probably reduce insurance costs, too.

Your teenager's driving can be one of the biggest problems you'll ever face. It's a problem that can't be solved by rules alone. He must *want* to be a safe driver. Your neighborhood new-car dealer hopes this series will help you to help him. The National Automobile Dealers Association commends the *Saturday Evening Post* for its cooperation.

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Ironically, the pursuit of love is now leading to the breakdown of marriage.

and male continence. Normal marriage seemed to him a selfish limitation on the biblical commandment to love. At Oneida, therefore, couples could have sexual relations as they wished. But having children was another matter. Here Noyes proposed an early form of eugenics—of selective mating—which he called "stirpiculture." To assure the separation of intercourse and breeding, Noyes advised methods of sexual restraint. Noyes was himself a man of considerable presence and ability. The community prospered far longer than other similar communities, eventually disbanding without having made a permanent contribution to the solving of mankind's ancient riddles of love and sex.

The tension about sex was also reflected in American literature. For the striking fact about the American novel in the 19th century was its avoidance of love—that is, of heterosexual love between consenting adults. Among major writers only Hawthorne hinted at the subject toward the middle of the century, and James and Howells toward the end, and all so cryptically that a great part of their audience hardly understood what they were saying. While European novels described mature passion between men and women—*Wuthering Heights* or *Madame Bovary* or *Anna Karenina*—American novelists wrote about men by themselves in the forest or on a whaling ship, or boys lazily drifting down the river on a raft. When women appeared, they generally represented a contrast between symbolic abstractions: the ethereal fair girl and the passionate, and therefore dangerous, dark girl. The women in Cooper were waxworks; there were no women in *Moby Dick;* in Poe they were generally symbols of death; Whitman's invocation of women was of men in disguise; Mark Twain fled from adult love like the plague. Unable to deal with the fact of heterosexual love, American literature in the 19th century suppressed it.

In the 19th century American society thus twisted itself into a torment of contradiction and uncertainty in its attitudes toward love. I do not mean that most Americans did not achieve a tolerable happiness with their wives; of course they did; and they conserved the family—at least in the middle classes—as the basic social unit. Yet the pursuit of happiness through a passionless marriage was generating a lurking, nagging frustration. By barring the joy of sex from wedlock, the Victorian code at once degraded the sexual impulse and weakened the marital tie. By transferring romantic love to the fantasy world of the sentimental novel and emptying serious literature of adult sexual content, it misled the national imagination and impoverished the national sensibility. The Victorians' unsatisfactory pursuit of happiness thus ended half on Main Street and half on Back Street, with marriage denied passion and passion denied legitimacy.

But the Victorian code corresponded neither to the emotional nor the physical realities of an increasingly urban and cosmopolitan society. Its collapse was inevitable. How shocking at the time were the first intimations of sexual liberation just before the First World War; how innocent they seem in retrospect! War itself hastened the disappearance of the old inhibitions, bringing back from France a new generation determined to live life to the full. The success of the feminist movement increased the pressure against the double standard. The psychology of Sigmund Freud gave the role of sex in life a fresh legitimacy. Then the prosperity of the '20's began to free the American people for the first time on a large scale from the acquisitive compulsions which Tocqueville had noted a century earlier. And, as the new psychology and the new leisure encouraged romantic love, so the new technology simplified life for romantic lovers. The automobile offered lovers mobility and privacy at just the time that contraceptives, now cheap and available, offered them security. Advertising and popular songs incessantly celebrated the cult of sex. Above all, the invention of the movies gave romantic love its troubadours and its temples of worship.

Living life to the full was still relatively innocuous in the '20's. "None of the Victorian mothers—and most of the mothers were Victorian—had any idea how casually their daughters were accustomed to be kissed," Scott Fitzgerald wrote in *This Side of Paradise* at the start of the decade.

> *. . . Amory saw girls doing things that even in his memory would have been impossible: eating three-o'clock, after-dance suppers in impossible cafés, talking of every side of life with an air half of earnestness, half of mockery, yet with a furtive excitement.*

Skirts grew shorter; women bobbed their hair and smoked cigarettes; men packed hip flasks in their raccoon coats; and together they danced the Charleston, saxophones wailing in the background, or waded fully clothed into the fountain at the Plaza. Skeptics scorned the romantic dream. "Love," said H. L. Mencken, "is the delusion that one woman differs from another." But the contagion was irresistible.

Thus the Victorian schism was repaired and passion came back into marriage. "All societies recognize that there are occasional violent attachments between persons of opposite sex," Ralph Linton, the anthropologist, observed in 1936, "but our present American culture is practically the only one which has attempted to capitalize these and make them the basis for marriage." The American experiment was at last in full tide. "No other known civilization, in the 7,000 years that one civilization has been succeeding another," wrote the historian Denis de Rougemont, "has bestowed on the love known as *romance* anything like the same amount of daily publicity. . . . No other civilization has embarked

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with anything like the same ingenuous assurance upon the perilous enterprise of making marriage coincide with love thus understood, and of making the first depend upon the second." The Age of Love, in Morton Hunt's phrase, had begun—and it is still going strong.

But the Age of Love has hardly turned out to be an age of fulfillment. If sexual repression failed to produce happiness in the 19th century, sexual liberation appears to have done little better in the 20th. More than that, while repression at least preserved the family, if at times by main force, the pursuit of happiness through love is now evidently weakening the family structure itself. Divorce, of course, is an expression of the determination to make romance legal at any cost; so, if one marriage fails, another must be promptly started; and the steady increase in divorce in these years—the rate trebled from 1900 to 1960—suggests how the pursuit of love is paradoxically leading to the breakdown of marriage. Freedom, instead of resolving the dilemmas of love, is only heightening anxiety. Another of those observant Frenchmen, Raoul de Roussy de Sales, noted in 1938: "America appears to be the only country in the world where love is a national problem."

It remains a national problem today. The Second World War and its aftermath swept away whatever remained of the Victorian code; and the postwar years have seen the pursuit grow ever more complex. Most young Americans have adapted themselves to the new folkways. Like their ancestors, they meet and marry and live out their lives in quiet content. But in the margins of American society the search for love, having broken out of the old channels, is being driven more and more by frustration to sensation. Amory Blaine, the hero of *This Side of Paradise*, was dismayed by the '20's. He would have been appalled by the '60's. Among the seekers of sensation, drink has given way to drugs, fraternity hops to Sexual Freedom Leagues, petting to orgies, experiment to perversion. For some, sensation leads on to violence.

Denis de Rougemont has argued that the whole idea of romantic love manifested a repressed longing for suffering and tragedy. No doubt this is an exaggeration. But poets have long sensed a kinship between love and death. "Come lovely and soothing death," wrote Walt Whitman:

Undulate round the world, serenely
arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

If the suppression of sex in our 19th-century literature resulted in the Gothic obsessions of American fiction—the tormented allegories of Hawthorne, the necrophilia of Poe, the hallucinated terror of the later Mark Twain—the age of sexual liberation has produced the dark violence of Faulkner and the erotomegalomania of Mailer. Gershon Legman has underlined the irony that sexual congress is legal, but describing it (at least until very recently) is not; while murder is illegal but describing it has long been acceptable.

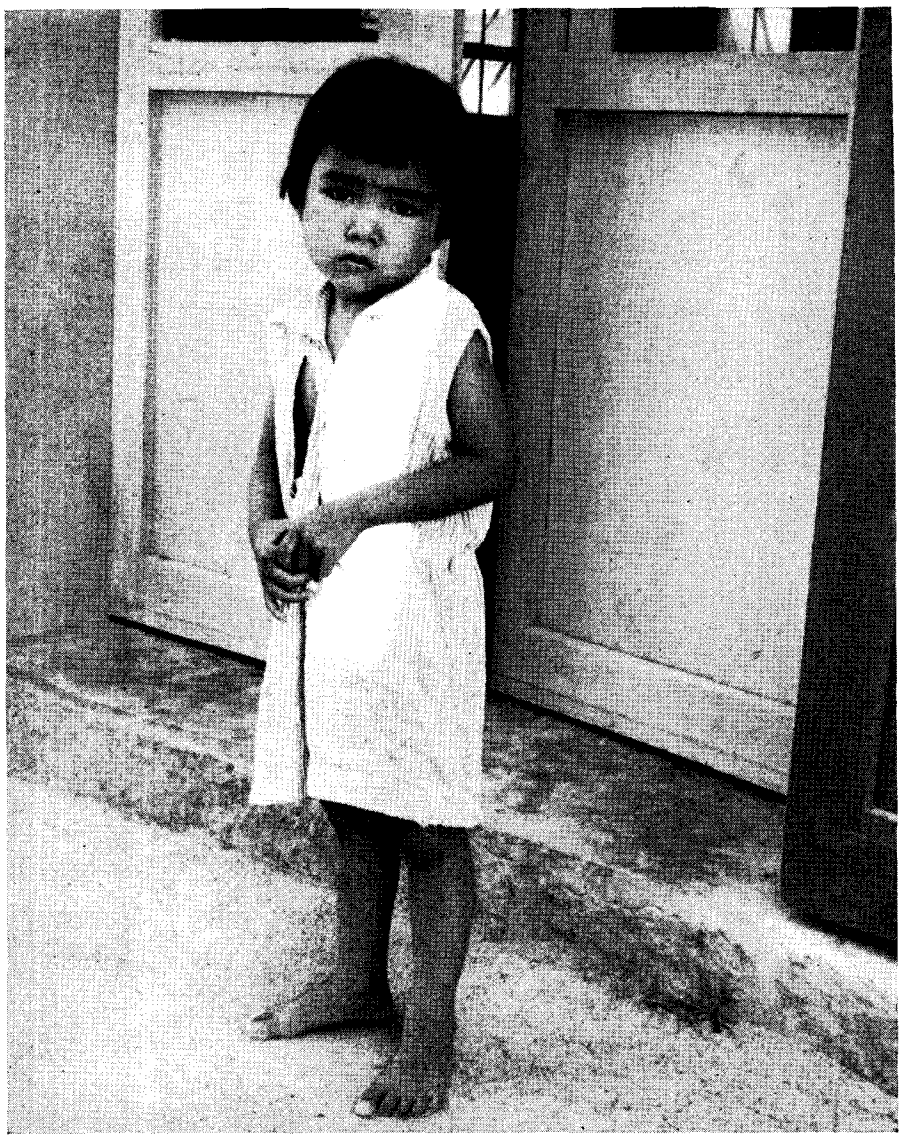
Is our literary violence in some sense a surrogate for sex? Is novelist and critic Leslie Fiedler right in suggesting that "the death of love left a vacuum at the affective heart of the American novel into which there rushed the love of death"? Our literature at least raises the possibility that the compulsive pursuit of love reinforces destructive tendencies already deep in our national character. The Measuring Man, entering girls' apartments under the pretense of inspecting them for a model agency, is revealed to be the Boston Strangler.

The American experiment in love has not yet proved itself. The national attempt to unite passion and marriage led many Americans into hypocrisy in the 19th century and into hysteria in the 20th. Must the conclusion be that we have essayed a human impossibility?—that the attempt to combine the tumult of romance with the permanence of marriage places a greater burden on marriage than it can bear? Some sociologists have even speculated that we may be moving toward a society of "progressive polygamy," as more and more Americans marry several spouses in the course of life.

No doubt Americans ask a great deal of marriage. Yet the probability is that the attempt to combine romance and monogamy will continue. When this works, it is the highest felicity. "The happiness of the domestic fireside," wrote Jefferson, "is the first boon of heaven." As for the less blessed in American society, they would perhaps do better to concentrate on the deflation of undue expectations, the recovery of discipline and the recognition that romantic love, while the most beautiful of human experiences, is not a divinely guaranteed way of life. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Then may I give you as a reference?"



NHA TRANG, VIETNAM—*Her father killed by the Viet Cong, her mother a refugee, four year old Chu awaits admission to a CCF Home.*

"Why did they kill my daddy?"

Little Chu in Vietnam doesn't know what war is all about. All she knows is that once she was happy. Her daddy worked in the rice paddies while her mother baked soft bread and spicy meat.

Then one day her mother screamed, guns fired, flames ate up the house. Chu grabbed her mother's hand and they ran.

Later that evening she was hungry, and her mother said hush when she asked, "Why did they kill my daddy?"

Chu's mother brought her to our orphanage at Nha Trang, begging us to give her little girl help—a place to sleep, some rice, shelter from the guns.

Christian Children's Fund is pledged to assist these innocent victims of tragedy. And yet Chu is only *one* example of the terror that comes with war.

If we can afford to send planes and bombs, surely we can also send food, clothing, medicine—and our love.

For only $10 a month you can sponsor a boy or girl like Chu in the countries listed below, receiving your child's picture, life history, the privilege of correspondence—plus a deep personal satisfaction.

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Little Chu and children like her desperately need your love. Won't you help? Today?

Besides Vietnam, sponsors are urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Formosa, India, Brazil, Japan and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.

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Send me child's name, story, address, and picture.

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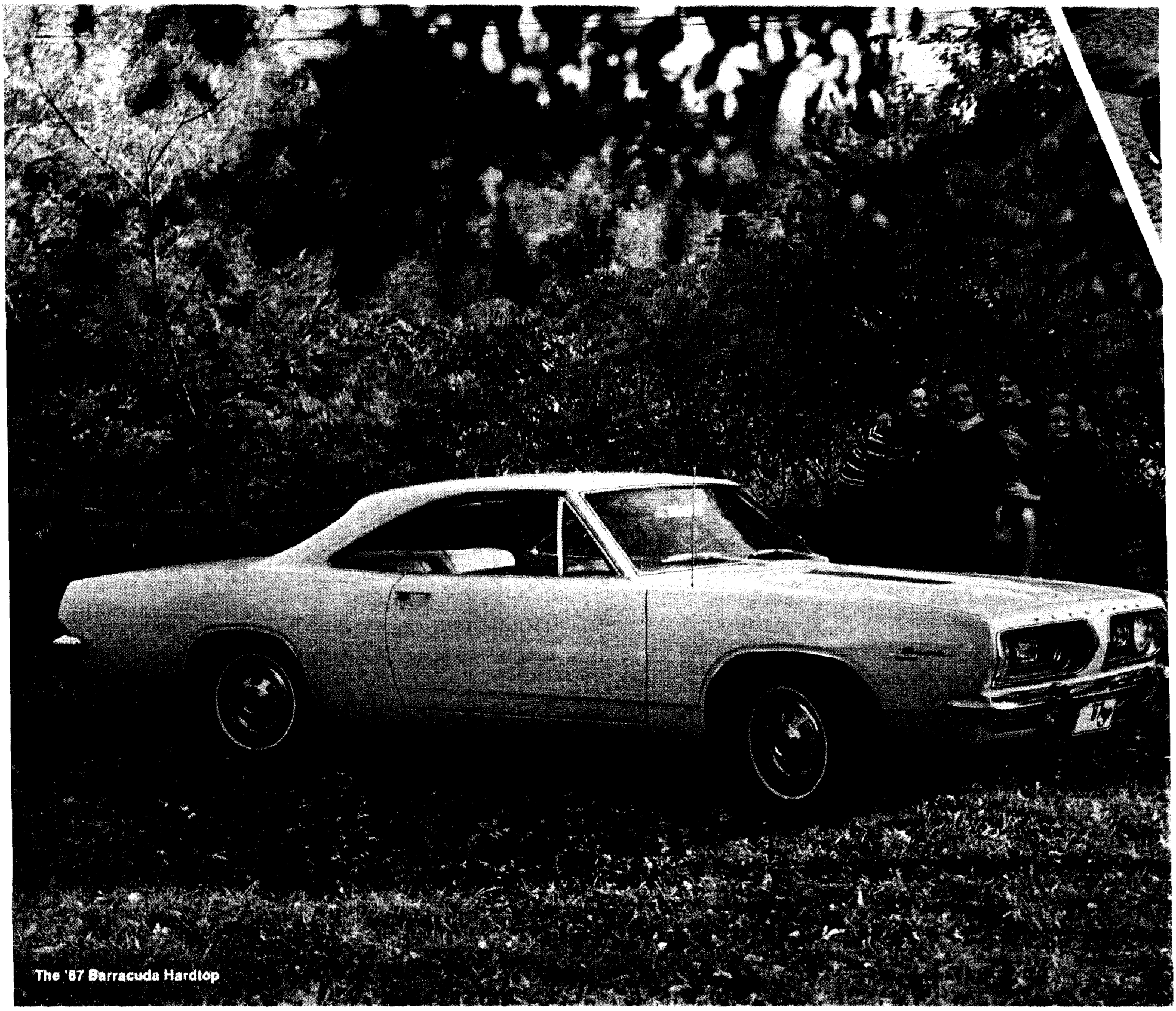

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From 1620 through 1966...

LOVE WAS WHERE

1 *Gooseprairie, Wash.: Justice William O. Douglas's honeymoon retreat, 1966.*

2 *San Francisco: Marilyn Monroe married Joe DiMaggio, 1954.*

3 *Paso Robles, Calif.: The glamorous life of James Dean ended in auto crash, 1955.*

4 *Los Angeles: Mary Pickford wed Douglas Fairbanks, 1920.*

5 *Ketchum, Idaho: Where Ernest Hemingway spent happy years with Miss Mary.*

6 *Las Vegas, Nev.: Frank Sinatra married Mia Farrow, 1966.*

7 *Tombstone, Ariz.: Site of famous romance between J.H. 'Doc' Holliday and 'Big Nose Kate' Fisher, in 1880's.*

8 *Salt Lake City, Utah: The Mormons were polygamous, for a while.*

9 *On the road: Lolita and Humbert Humbert took a hectic cross-country drive.*

10 *Silver Creek, 'a Colorado mining town': Where radio's 'Our Gal Sunday' hailed from.*

11 *Langtry, Tex.: The town Judge Roy Bean renamed after his faraway dream girl, actress Lily Langtry, 1883.*

12 *Deadwood, S.Dak.: 'Calamity Jane' Burke and 'Wild Bill' Hickok were friends until his death, 1876.*

13 *Omaha, Nebr.: Birthplace of Marlon Brando, 1924.*

14 *Dodge City, Kans.: Where Marshal Matt Dillon and Miss Kitty have kept platonic company for 14 years.*

15 *Texas: 'The Yellow Rose of'; said to have been Santa Anna's mistress.*

16 *Johnson City, Tex.: George Hamilton pays a call on Lynda Bird.*

17 *On the road: Outlaw Clyde Barrow and his moll, Bonnie Parker, robbed and died together, 1934.*

18 *Milford, Kans.: Site of Dr. J.R. 'Goat Gland' Brinkley's internationally famous rejuvenation clinic, 1919.*

19 *New Salem, Ill.: Where the young Abe Lincoln is believed to have wooed Ann Rutledge.*

20 *Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Where Grant Wood painted his 'American Gothic' farm couple, 1930.*

21 *Milwaukee, Wis.: Where Liberace lit his first candelabra.*

22 *Waukegan, Ill.: Home town of Patrick John Nugent, presidential son-in-law.*

23 *Wistful Vista, Ill.: Where Fibber McGee fibbed to Molly.*

24 *Chicago: 'That toddling town' where, according to the 1922 song, 'a man, he danced with his wife.'*

25 *Bloomington, Ind.: Where Hoagy Carmichael wrote 'Star Dust'(1929) and Professor Alfred Kinsey wrote the Kinsey Reports (1948 and 1953).*

26 *St. Louis: Frankie Baker murdered Allen Britt in 1899– the inspiration for song 'Frankie and Johnny.'*

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HEY FOUND IT

32 *Harrison's Mills, Ky.: Andrew Jackson fought a duel for his wife's honor in 1806.*

33 *Marion, Ohio: Home town of Nan Britton, who bore President Harding's baby in 1920.*

34 *Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.: Birthplace (1896) of Wallace Warfield, who captivated a king.*

35 *Statesville, N.C.: Tom Dula was hanged here in 1868 for murdering his love; ergo, 'Hang down your head, Tom Dooley.'*

36 *Atlanta: Rhett Butler courted Scarlett O'Hara, then was 'Gone With the Wind.'*

37 *On the road: Scene of 1934 film 'It Happened One Night' in which Clark Gable shared a room with Claudette Colbert.*

38 *Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.: Where, each spring, the boys and girls are.*

39 *Charleston, S.C.: Where Porgy sang 'Bess, You Is My Woman Now.'*

40 *Elkton, Md.: A favorite state-line 'quickie' marriage town.*

41 *Buffalo, N.Y.: Birthplace of President Cleveland's controversial love child, 1874.*

42 *Niagara Falls: The nation's historic honeymoon mecca.*

43 *New York City: Housewife Agatha Hearn shot herself when Rudolph Valentino died, 1926.*

44 *West Egg, Long Island: Where 'The Great Gatsby' loved Daisy in the 1920's.*

45 *Oneida, N.Y.: Site of the Oneida Community, a free-love experiment that lasted from 1848 to 1879.*

46 *Peyton Place, N.H.: A noted one-industry town.*

47 *Boston: Where the Puritans awarded Hester Prynne her 'Scarlet Letter.'*

48 *Plymouth Mass.: John Alden spoke for himself to Priscilla Mullens here in 1621.*

27 *St. Petersburg, Mo.: Tom Sawyer loved Becky Thatcher.*

28 *Mississippi River: Julie, of 'Showboat,' and just her Bill.*

29 *New Orleans: Location of Storyville, celebrated red-light district where jazz was born.*

30 *Tupelo, Miss.: Birthplace of Elvis Presley, 1935.*

31 *Warm Springs, Ga.: Where F.D.R. and Lucy Mercer were last together, 1945.*

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Drawings by Eugene Karlin

VOICES OF LOVE

For this special issue,
five leading American poets
explore the human heart.

HOW DO YOU WALK?

by Karl Shapiro

How do you walk? You walk into my arms,
Into my kiss, into the eye of my life's storm.
You walk (all similes are silly in my love for you)
You walk as if you were carrying the Taj Mahal.
Your neck is like a Watusi woman towering above
the grasses of your tigerish clothes,
Your tribal shoulders where my fingers close and
feed and my lips graze like sheep-crazed shepherds.
You walk in anger and in glorious pride as if you had
lost a brilliant naval battle,
Your cut smile belies your perspicuous eyes,
Your earrings tremble and your breasts rise like waves
of liquid in your coming toward me.
Your hips powerful and civilized make idiots of willow
trees plying the prairie winds,
You carry your hard-soft hands as if they were not yours
but mine.
Is it your long proud legs that carry you into my vision
like rhyme?
You walk as if you were carrying a love-child,
You walk as if you were marrying me,
And your sensitive head turns slightly side to side
As not to see the lovely commotion of your passing,
Where you have come from but only where you are going.
Where are you going? You are going into your beauty
And it is I who am opening all the doors as you pass
From room to room of your life till you walk to my grave.

WHEN YOU GO AWAY

by W.S. Merwin

When you go away the wind clicks around to the north
The painters work all day but at sundown the paint falls
Showing the black walls
The clock goes back to striking the same hour
That has no place in the years

And at night wrapped in the bed of ashes
In one breath I wake
It is the time when the beards of the dead get their growth
I remember that I am falling
That I am the reason
And that my words are the garment of what I shall never be
Like the tucked sleeve of a one-armed boy

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NEW LOVE

by Richard Eberhart

I'll tell my delight
All through the night,
Dream of green willow
On your white pillow.

I'll be eternal
While being nocturnal,
Delight in your sight
All through the night.

And as night glows
And world goes
My delight will overthrow
Pain and woe.

Green tree, green willow,
White dream, white will; O
I'll tell my delight
All through the night.

I will so sensate feel
The realm of the real
That my delight, begun,
Will through ages run

And stand upon the sky
Unable to die,
So pure, so brute
As to be absolute,

Transformed by night
To metaphysical height,
Dream of green willow
On your white pillow.

LEAVING THE MOTEL

by W. D. Snodgrass

Outside, the last kids holler
  Near the pool: they'll stay the night.
Pick up the towels; fold your collar
  Out of sight.

Check: is the second bed
  Unrumpled, as agreed?
Landlords have to think ahead
  In case of need,

Too. Keep things straight: don't take
  The matches, the wrong key rings—
We've nowhere we could keep a keepsake—
  Ashtrays, combs, things

That sooner or later others
  Would accidentally find.
Check: take nothing of one another's
  And leave behind

Your license number, only,
  Which they won't care to trace;
We've paid. Still, should such things get lonely,
  Leave in their vase

An aspirin to preserve
  Our lilacs, the wayside flowers
We've gathered and must leave to serve
  A few more hours;

That's all. We can't tell when
  We'll come back, can't press claims;
No doubt we would have other rooms, then,
  Or other names.

INDOLENCE

by Louis Simpson

I woke to the children's voices
And rush of wheels on the street.
I saw the children off to school;
Each of them had a yellow lunch box
Painted with pictures of animals.

Then I went trout-fishing,
Letting the line drift with the current,
Skirting the shadows of rocks
And the tall pines leaning over,
Till it swept to a ledge where the stream

Poured over and a branch
Jerked up and down in the furious stream.
But the line did not swim back.
No fish came splashing and kicking
To suffocate in my basket.

All I caught was shadow-leaves
And the sound of the stream
Falling through the Sierras in August.
Indolence! It was pure indolence,
An ocean of darkness.

Tonight we watched the astronauts
Turning in heaven; and pictures
Of men who walked spewing flame.
But when there was nothing but violence
I turned off the set

And went out on the patio
And watched the Bayshore lights.
From time to time a plane went over.
There were voices from the house next door
And the music of Beethoven.

And there rose from leaves and flowers
And earth, a delirious
Fragrance of sensual life,
Of the universe gathering like dew
The indolence of the soul.

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VOYAGE TO THE STARS

While Mr. Exeter lectured the roomful of high-school seniors, Maxine began to drift away, to make marginal notes on her spotless notebook page. She had never been inclined to mysticism, but out of nowhere the idea of reincarnation came to her.

Maxine began to write:

If I'm very good in this life, maybe I'll come back as a biochemist, and my dreams will come true. A full-fledged biochemist. Better still, my reincarnation as an astronavigator will astonish the world, especially if I appear, miraculously orbiting Jupiter, in my fiber-glass space ship. . . .

She had been leaning more and more heavily on her elbow while her too-long, caramel-colored bangs fell into her eyes like a curtain of sleep. Her elbow, sheathed in green cashmere, slipped down the slope of the desk. The pencil clattered into the aisle, and the notebook made an extraordinary leap onto the desk at her right.

It fell across the page on which Ricky Lamont had been taking notes, and he started upright and stared at her writing sprawled before him. Then he turned his head to the left and met Maxine's eyes.

"Biochemist?" he mouthed.

Maxine felt the inexorable tide of a blush rising through her face, and silently held out her hand for the notebook.

Ricky looked down at the page, then at Maxine. His lips moved. "Astronavigator?"

"Give me that," she whispered.

Mr. Exeter cleared his throat with the effect of a cannon going off. Ricky returned the notebook to her. The girl on the other side of her returned the dropped pencil with a smile of malice, and Mr. Exeter began once again to drone on about the delights of complexity.

"Faugh," Maxine wrote at the top of the page. "Phaugh. I hope Lila is cooking *coq au vin* for dinner." She drew a picture of a rooster with tail feathers which swept down, in and out, and around the spiral binding of the pages. "*Au vin*," she wrote at the bottom, and drew a wine bottle.

The moment class was over, Maxine huddled the notebook under her arm and dived for the door, but Ricky charged along behind her, and she couldn't escape him. As a matter of fact, she had never paid much attention to him, for he was tall, very thin, very dark, and was never seen after school except during drama-club rehearsals. He had done both sets and lighting for the school play last semester, and received a warm vote of thanks. Maxine was crazy about, and regularly dated, several of the muscular, good-natured guys who swarmed out on the athletic field every afternoon. She had always hated skinny boys.

"Biochemist?" Ricky demanded, looking at her. "How come?"

"Why not?" she asked.

"I thought you were the leading light of the drama club."

"One thing has nothing to do with another," Maxine said, moving toward the door, where spring sunshine flooded the flight of stone steps, and the sycamores were putting out arches of pale leaves over the streets.

"How about astronavigator?" he insisted, holding the big door for her. "Do you know what's involved in a discipline like that?"

Maxine threw her head back to clear the bangs from her vision. "Of course I do," she said coldly. "My father is a retired sea captain, and I know how to use a quadrant and a sextant, and all the mathematics related to their use. There is no reason why a woman should not be an astronavigator."

"No, there isn't," Ricky said. "Most sociologists agree that space crews should include women. Good-bye," and he abruptly turned off toward the parking lot. When she was in the street, Maxine looked back and saw him getting into an old but well-kept car. At least that's something, she thought. I like guys who have their own cars.

When she got home, the pullet was sweating in a covered saucepan, and her stepmother was up to her knuckles in cream-cheese pastry. Lila smiled at her and said, "There's buttermilk, if you're thirsty."

"Faugh," Maxine said, but she smiled in return. "I'll have ordinary milk. What are you making?"

Lila had rolled the pastry out very thin and was cutting it into small squares with the pastry wheel. "Now, you know these are Viennese tarts," she said. Her accent was slight, a buzz or roughness of the consonants. In private, Maxine had practiced it, over and over, but she had never been able to reproduce it without sounding completely phony.

Maxine washed her hands, and stood beside Lila at the counter, spooning bits of apricot butter into the center of the squares. It had to be done quickly or the delicate pastry would dry out and crack before it was baked. In a few minutes they had two cookie sheets covered with the rolled-up pastries, safe on the oven racks.

They sat together at the square oak table, Lila with a cup of tea, Maxine with milk and a jam sandwich. "Do you think it's unwomanly to be an astronavigator?" Maxine asked.

"Indeed not. Why?"

"I just wanted to know what you thought."

"But you are not studying to [redacted] you?" Lila asked.

"Not so far. No. It was one of my fantasies. I told lies to someone today."

"Oh, dear," her stepmother said, smiling. "You are not supposed to do that."

"I said Dad was a retired sea captain."

Lila burst into laughter and clapped the palms of her hard, long-fingered hands against her cheeks. "Oh, my God," she laughed, "what a story! Why?"

"I don't know why. It sounded marvelous when I said it"

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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'I'm afraid of him,' Maxine said. 'I'm afraid I'm going to take him seriously.'

BY SONYA DORMAN

"Sea captain," Lila said softly. "Ah, yes. I like it, too. It sounds romantic, does it not? Sea captain," she repeated, drawing out the sounds. "Lovely. He is in his boots on the quarterdeck with his hat on the back of his head and his curly hair blown over his brow."

Maxine didn't know whether or not to laugh. She thought her father a handsome man, but he had been bald for many years, and was an accountant. Sometimes she wished Lila would not enter so wholeheartedly into her fantasies.

"I know," Lila said to her, though, as often happened, she was entirely on the wrong track. "It is very difficult to close the gap between fantasy and the real."

"It's not a gap, it's an abyss," Maxine said bitterly. "I have lots of homework." She stood up and took her plate to the sink. "If there's time, will you help me cut the pattern for that skirt?"

"Certainly. But you finish that homework." Lila beckoned, and Maxine went stiffly to her. Lila took her by the arm. She used gentle and soft gestures, but Maxine always resisted them.

"What is it?" Maxine asked. She wanted to reach out and touch Lila's hair, which had once been dark and now was growing more and more silvery. Lila had married Maxine's father last year, and Maxine's memories of her own behavior the first few months made her ashamed and shy, but suddenly, at this one moment, she ached to tou
stroke her hair, and was afraid
very much to offer somethi
all she kept taking.

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Lila said, giving M
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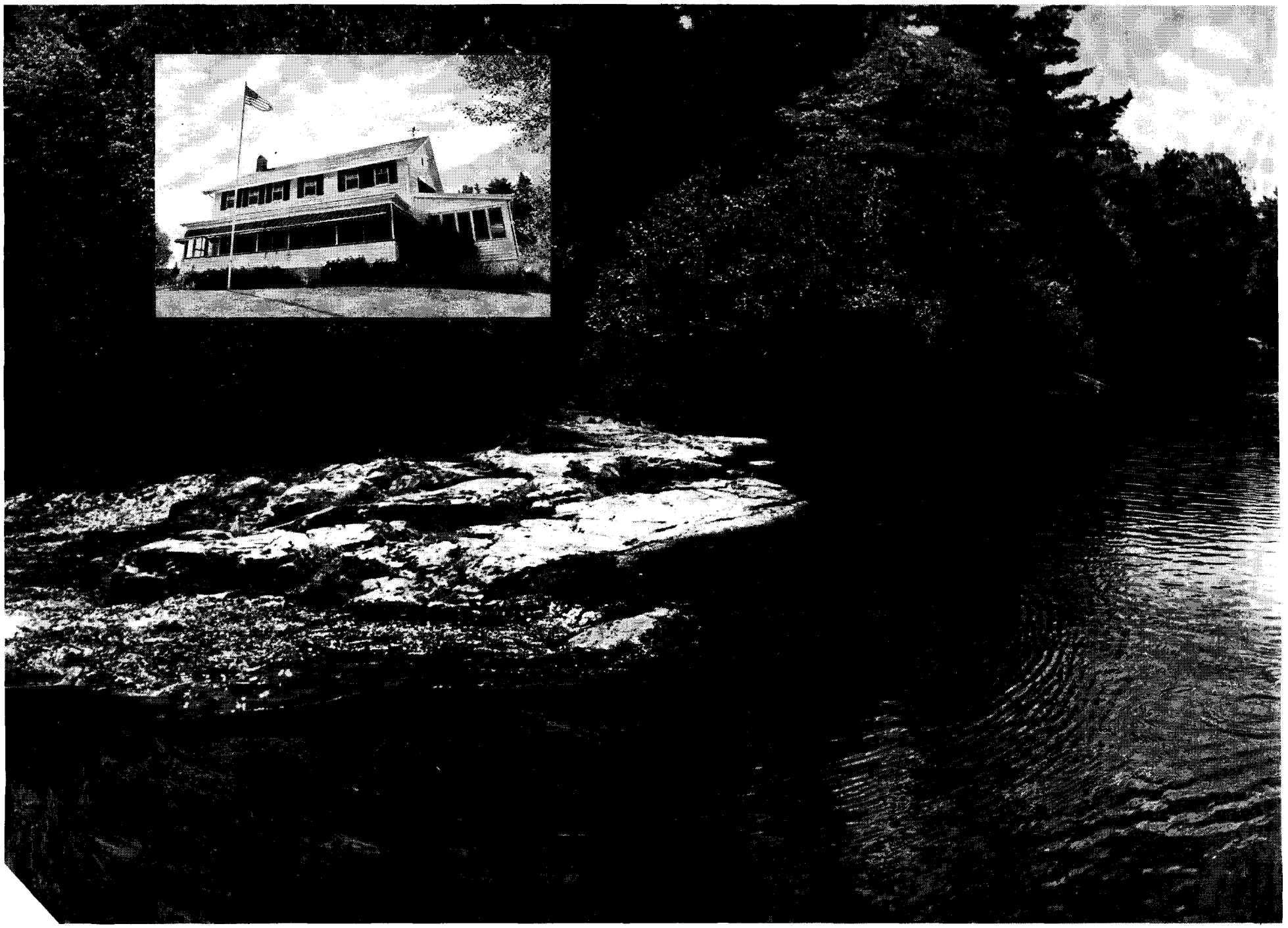

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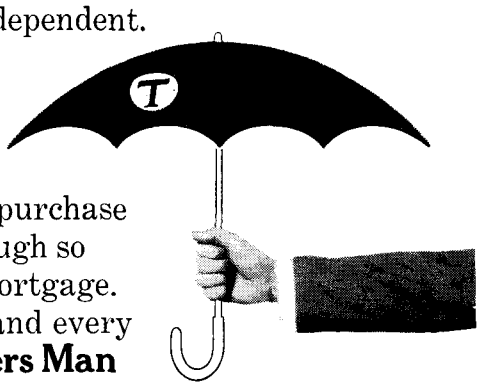

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in my boots on the quarterdeck. Maxine dumped the books on the bed. Quarterdeck, indeed! After bridge? Foredeck?

Maxine leaned toward the mirror and applied fresh lipstick, took her comb and made her bangs smooth. Then, sitting down at her desk, she said aloud, "It's no use, Maxine, my girl. You can't even make a decent soufflé, how do you expect to compute a course to the Horsehead Nebula?" But at least she was at the top of the physics class.

By the time her father came home she had finished her studies and was in the dining room, with the skirt pattern laid out over the green corduroy. "Do not forget that material has a nap," Lila called to her from the kitchen, where she was setting the table for dinner. "The nap must run the same way for front and back."

That meant she had to repin half the pattern. It was too late today; her father was finishing his gin and tonic, and Lila had set the table herself. Maxine fell into a depression. I'm useless, she thought. I'm always late; I never finish a job; I should have helped Lila; who is Ricky Lamont?

In English class the next day, Ricky sat beside her. He passed her a note, the sort of silly thing kids in eighth grade do. The note said: "Will you walk my dog with me tomorrow?"

Maxine shook her head severely, tore the note to scraps, and put it into the pocket of her blazer. She thought: A dog walk, what a gag; is he kidding? When she glanced sideways, Ricky had withdrawn, looking dark and sad, and in a painful moment she recalled this was how Lila had often looked during the first months, when Maxine had refused everything: the help with sewing, her offer to look up something in the encyclopedia, the tentative suggestions to go shopping for clothes. Even now Maxine didn't know at what point she had begun to accept these things, and then to take more and more. She was furious with Ricky; he had no right to bust in on her and then be angry when she refused him.

I hate these people, Maxine thought, in a real rage. They have some nerve, stomping in on you and stirring you up, and then expecting you to be nice about it. She mentally strapped herself down and waited for her space ship to take off. The bell rang halfway through countdown, and her crew rose, gathered up the books, and departed, leaving Maxine once more on the ground.

There was a rehearsal at three-thirty, and while she was on-stage she could occasionally glimpse Ricky's tall, lean figure off-stage where he was helping with the sets, the lights, the mock-up of a camping tent.

Maxine threw her head back and intoned, "No, Robert. I do not believe in killing for sport."

Robert flourished an imaginary rifle in her face. "This is not short," he roared.

There were snickers from the wings. After a moment, during which Maxine could hear him swallow, he repeated the flourishing gesture. "This is not sport," he roared correctly.

He was a freshman, at least two inches shorter than Maxine, and mortified. Maxine looked down her nose at him. "I can't work with you, you're impossible," she said.

"Get off that stage," Miss Blaine yelled at her. Maxine was put into a hard, wooden chair for the lecture. She instantly took off for the freight run to Mars, ferrying anti-venom serum for the colonists who had all been bitten by flat-eyed vipers.

On Saturday morning, when the beds were made and Maxine had cleaned her room, she was bending over the dining-room table, pinning the front and back of the new skirt together, when Lila said from the kitchen, "I think there is a wolf at our door."

Maxine had never before heard her sound frightened. She spat two pins out on the table and rushed to the kitchen. Lila was standing there, her back rigid. The inner door was open, and outside the screen door stood Ricky with what appeared to be a wolf.

"Hi," Ricky said to her. "This is my dog, Hikari. That's Japanese for Flash."

Maxine went to the door and looked out. Hikari was huge, a dark wolf color, with pointed ears and a great silver plume of a tail curled up over her back. "She's beautiful," Maxine said, in spite of herself. "What is she?"

"An Akita. How about going for a walk?"

Maxine looked back over her shoulder and was amazed to see Lila still standing there, petrified, her arms straight at her sides, her face white. "She doesn't bite, does she?" Maxine asked.

"Of course she doesn't. Shall I bring her in?" Ricky asked.

"Oh, no," Lila moaned. "Please. No. Do not bring her in here."

Maxine opened the door and stepped out. "Can I pet her?"

"She's reserved with strangers, so don't be offended if she doesn't love you right away," Ricky said "It's all right to touch her."

The dog's fur was extremely dense, but pleasant to the hand. Maxine ran her fingers through the heavy coat along Hikari's back, and the black outer hair parted to show flashes of pure silver underneath. "Oh, she's gorgeous," Maxine said. "I'll go with you for a few minutes."

She was about to move off when she looked back into the kitchen. Lila stood there with her hands covering her face. I ought to go back to her, Maxine thought. I've never seen her like that. But it's a beautiful morning, and anyway, what could I do?

She walked on the other side of Hikari, who moved sedately between her and Ricky. Maxine's father had parked his car under the big locust tree and was washing it. "That's quite a dog," he said to Ricky.

"Yes, she is," Ricky said gravely.

When they came to the corner, Maxine asked him, "How come you came over anyway, when I said I wouldn't go with you?"

"I thought it was worth a try. I thought any girl who could see herself out among the stars with a sextant was certainly worth another try."

The Russos' little dog rushed out barking at Hikari, who regarded him gravely, unwinkingly, until he retreated, barking, behind his own hedge.

"She's not a fighter, is she?" Maxine asked. "I think she's great."

"She'll fight if she's attacked. Who wouldn't? You would, wouldn't you?"

"I guess I would." Maxine couldn't forget Lila, white and terrified. How could any rational person be afraid of a perfectly calm and friendly animal?

They came to the park, where several groups of boys were out for baseball practice, and Ricky leaned over and unsnapped the leash from the dog's collar. "You mustn't let her loose," Maxine said.

"She knows she can't go far," Ricky said. Hikari trotted off a short distance, chewed a few blades of early grass, trotted back, and suddenly thrust her cool, moist muzzle into the palm of Maxine's hand. Maxine bent down to look into Hikari's dark brown eyes, and the dog very gently touched her nose to Maxine's lips in a delicate kiss.

"I feel that was a compliment," Maxine said. She was terribly pleased and covered her mouth with her hand so the pleasure wouldn't show.

"It was," Ricky assured her. "A great compliment. You see, an Akita is very sensitive. Kari knows just how I feel all the time, and if I don't like someone, Kari won't go near her." He looked down and smiled into Maxine's eyes.

Maxine blushed. How awful, she thought; he'll think I don't like to be kissed. Then laughter filled her mouth like champagne. "I have never been kissed by a dog," Maxine said.

It was the first time she had seen Ricky laugh, for he was always rather somber, and even his smile was rare. "I bet you haven't," he said.

"Listen," Maxine said, "I'm going to have to go back. I've got an awful lot to do this morning."

"Like what?" Ricky asked, snapping the leash back onto Hikari's collar.

"I'm making a skirt, which I want to wear on Monday, and I have to wash my hair. It takes hours to dry."

"If you think it'll be dry by six-thirty, will you go to the movies?" Before she could answer, he went on rapidly, "I have to tell you, I don't have enough money to take you out to eat, but I wish I could."

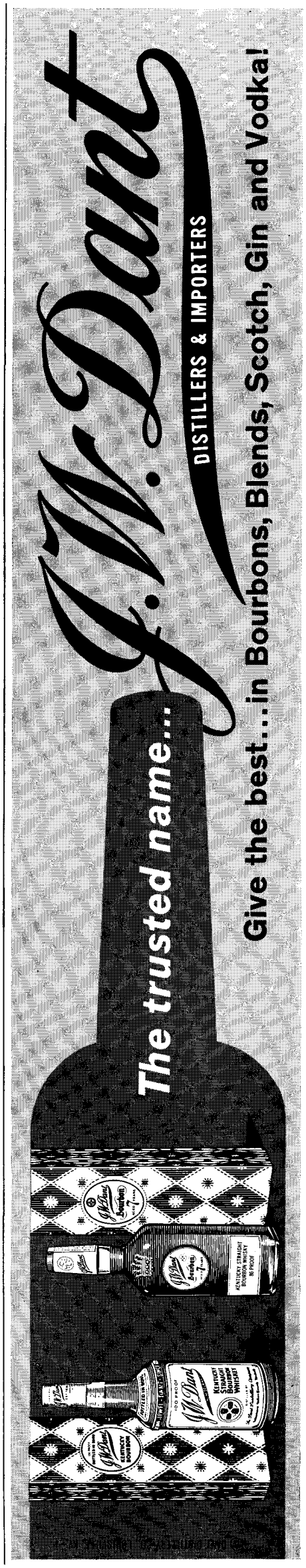
"Oh," Maxine said. She had never accepted a date so shortly offered, and she wasn't sure she wanted to go with him because she remembered the notes in class, the intrusion, the insistence on coming over with his dog. I don't like these people, she thought. They are too upsetting.

They were walking back to her house, and Maxine had decided to say no, she would not go to the movies, when Hikari stopped and turned her head up to look at Maxine. The silver markings around Hikari's eyes gave her a sad and quizzical expression, and Maxine looked down and thought the dog was saying: Why not? Maxine started to walk on, although actually she was on the bridge of the space ship, with her great silver Arcturian wolf lying at her feet. They were headed for an asteroid belt through which no ship had ever been successfully guided, but if anyone could accomplish this feat, it was Maxine Doolittle with her wolf companion, the two loners of the galaxy.

"What's playing?" Maxine mumbled.

"One of those Japanese science-fiction movies," Ricky said.

"Then I'd better run, or my hair won't be dry. See you later," Maxine said, and tore off down the street. She slapped her father affectionately on the shoulder as she went by where he was waxing the car, pounded up the walk,



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and burst into the kitchen. Lila was sitting at the table, crying.

Maxine's first thought was: Oh damn, I was feeling so good.

"I am stupid," Lila said, controlling her tears. "I am sorry."

"But what is it?" Maxine asked.

Lila wiped her eyes. Her hands were trembling. "It is nothing," she said. Her voice was faint and sad. Maxine felt like a hummingbird hanging in the air, her wings holding her in the midst of a storm more dangerous than any belt of asteroids or force fields. The difficult and terrible thing, Maxine understood, was to command herself. I can't, she cried inside. I can't help you, I can't love you. Leave me alone.

"Was it the dog?"

"Yes. I am stupid," Lila repeated. "I don't mind the little silly ones, like Mrs. Russo's."

"But Hikari didn't even come into the house. And she's very gentle. How can you be so afraid?"

Lila looked up and sighed. In a matter-of-fact voice, she said, "I was once hunted with dogs."

"Hunted," Maxine said, her mouth parched with horror. *"Hunted?"*

"A long time ago in Europe. But I am still afraid."

Maxine couldn't speak. What she had read in books, or seen in newsreels, or heard people talking about opened out before her into reality, an endless landscape of fleeing figures, and dogs running them down.

Lila stood up. She dried her eyes with her handkerchief, and said, "I am very sorry. I am sure she is a nice dog, and he seems such a nice boy. If he is your friend, I will try to be sensible. Perhaps one day I can even try to touch that dog, if you want me to. Or I will sit very still in the kitchen and let the dog touch me."

Maxine's wings gave way, and she fell into darkness, crying, the tears pouring down. She threw herself into Lila's arms. "You don't have to, Lila. You don't have to do that for me, please, please. I'll never let Hikari come near you."

Lila patted her hair. "It is all right. You must not be afraid just because I am. You must not ever let me burden you with my fear."

"Why not? Why not?" Maxine cried. "Wouldn't you help me with mine?"

"Yes, but I am grown up," Lila said.

"I wanted lots of times to have you hold me in your arms. I really wanted to love you, and I was afraid of just that, that I would have to carry some of your weight. I don't know if you understand, because I don't think I understand."

Lila kissed her on both cheeks. "Yes, I understand. I am very happy for us both, now. This world is yours, and I want you to be happy in it."

"I'm going to the movies with Ricky," Maxine said.

"That is nice. What will you wear?"

"My green silk? Or the red skirt and white sweater? I have to wash my hair; is there any shampoo? . . . Lila"—Maxine pulled her long, straight hair back from her face—"am I pretty?"

"Maxine, darling, you are beautiful. He will be proud to be seen with you. Why are you scowling?"

"I think I'm afraid of him."

Lila made a mock gesture of throwing her hands up in despair. "Why?"

"I'm afraid I'm going to take him seriously. He pulls at me, at my feelings. The other guys don't; they're just fun."

"Ridiculous. What do you want, to be a frivolous thing and a toy? Is that your dream of life?"

"Actually, I dream of working very hard and being very famous. I guess that's pretty silly."

"Not at all. It is the best dream. Go and wash your hair, or it will not dry and you will look like a mermaid."

When Maxine went into the bathroom, she gathered all her hair up into her hands and held it on top of her head so that her face was exposed. She looked without wincing at her reflection. "You have finished your space ride, Maxine," she said.

She bent her head into the basin of hot water, her eyes closed. It felt wonderful, her hair drifting like seaweed, the water lapping at her brow. She began to rub the shampoo into a lather. After that, she let the soapy water gurgle down the drain and ran the rinse water in. Even laser guns couldn't cut through the alien force fields, so they were obliged to send for Maxine, with her antimatter beam, to cut through and rescue the captured Captain Lamont. No, they sent for Captain Lamont, who rode a high-speed rocket right through the alien force fields to rescue Maxine.

No, Maxine revised, winding a big towel around her wet hair, we took our ship right through the soup-tureen effect to rescue the chicken paprikas.

She let out a howl of frustration. Lila came running to the door, and asked, "Good God, what was that? You have soap in your eyes?"

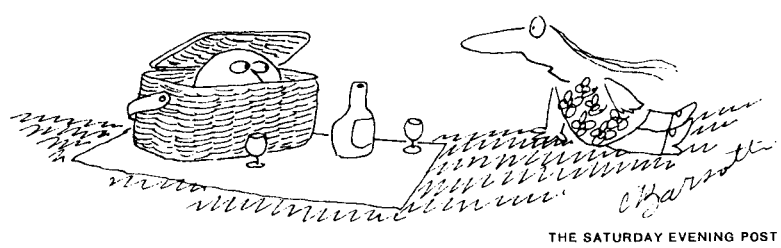
"Oh, I'm so unhappy," Maxine said. "My ship is so crowded. Now I have to take everyone along."

"That is a good idea," Lila said. "I will cook for the crew, if you like."

"Marvelous! They'll go crazy for your soup with lemon in it. I think Dad should handle the computers."

"Yes," Lila agreed. "That is a very big space boat, is it not?"

"Enormous," Maxine said, combing the slippery wet hair down straight on each side of her face. "Enormous. As big as the world." □



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You're a nice guy, Maynard, but you're not much fun on a picnic."

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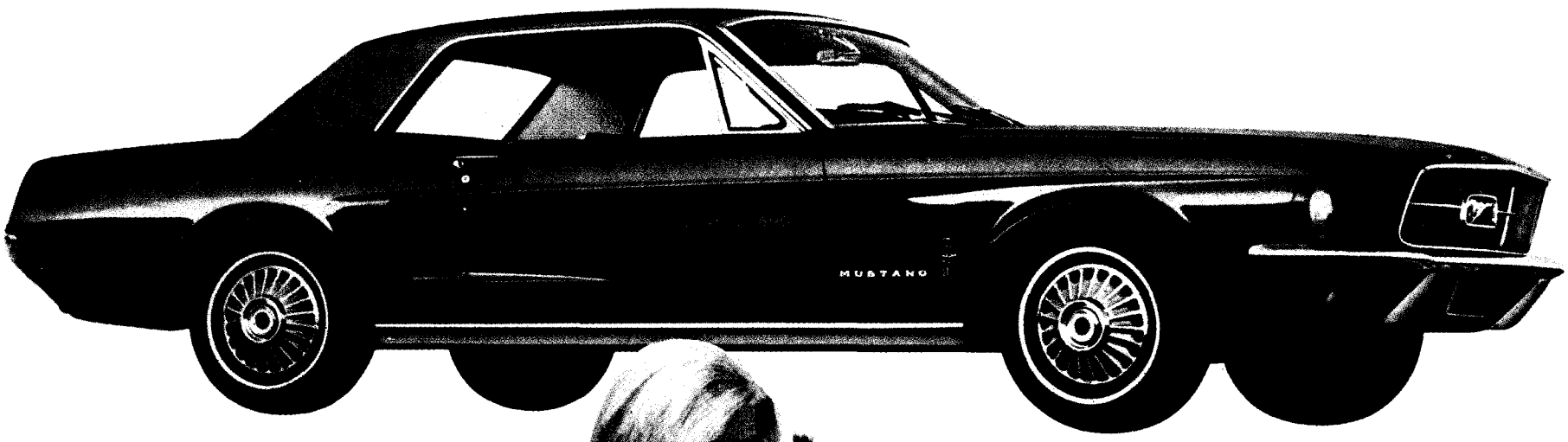
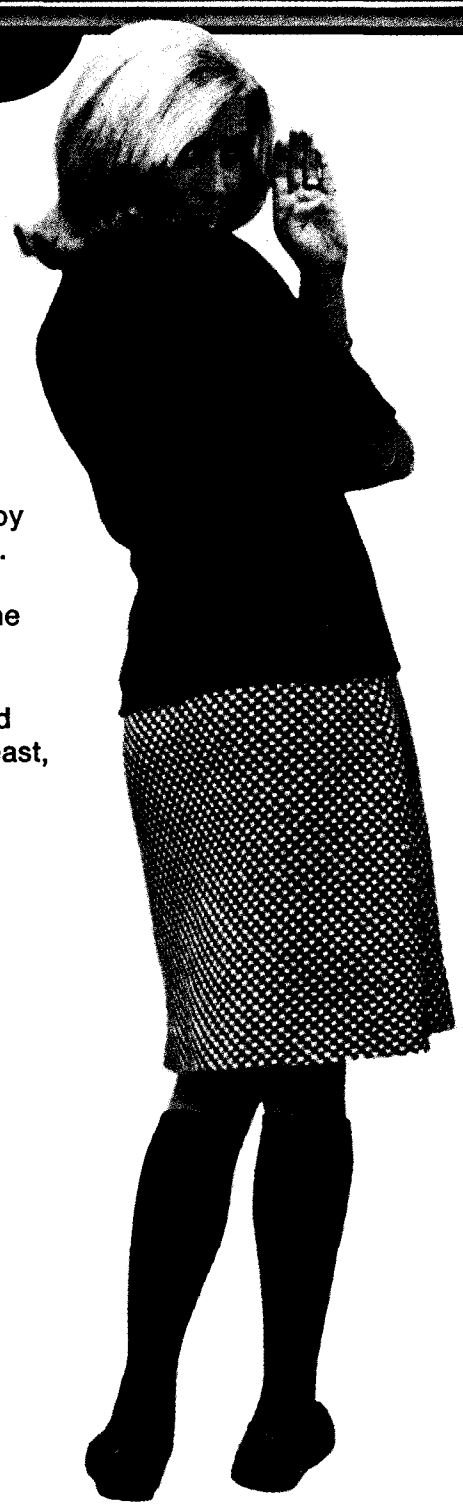
take the

MUSTANG PLEDGE!





I WILL NOT...

I will not sell tickets to all the people who want to ride in my '67 Mustang.

I will not keep the neighbors up all night by playing my Mustang's stereo tape player.

I will not yawn when people talk about the performance of other cars.

I will not show off my Mustang's overhead console by turning on its map lights (at least, not in the daytime, anyway).

I WILL...

I will tell the truth about my Mustang's low price and not let people think I paid extra for bucket seats, vinyl interior, plush carpeting and all those other no-cost extras.

I will spend the money I save with Mustang on a good cause... myself.

I will love, honor and obey the Convenience Control Panel when its lights tell me to fasten seat belts and release the parking brake.

I will stick to my diet even though my Mustang's Tilt-Away steering wheel is so adjustable.

I will keep the "helpless-female" look by shifting manually only when I'm driving alone. All other times I will let the SelectShift work automatically.

I will catch up on my diary... one of these days.

MUSTANG Ford

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There are hazards in a marriage that a
man ignores at his own risk—and he's got to be very lucky
to see the danger before it's too late.

DISTRESS SIGNALS

By MORTON FINEMAN

Gus Riker arrived at the beach house after two on Saturday morning. The house, set on pilings above the dunes, was dark except for the outside light Helen left on for him each Friday night. Riker parked next to Helen's station wagon, which was still loaded with the beach gear the children had used during the day. After rolling up the car windows to keep out the dampness, Riker, listening to the night insects in the tall, straggly dune grass, walked toward the house. Behind him, he heard the surf and the chime of the bell buoy that marked the bay channel to the ocean. As he reached the door, he heard a hoarse voice calling him, and he looked across the driveway to the next house.

"Come on up for a nightcap, Gus," Joel Forbish said, leaning over the sun-deck railing. He was a short, compact man with graying hair and an air of restrained pugnacity toward men larger than himself. Toward his wife, Irma, he behaved with an affectionate heartiness that he might have reserved for a genial, lovable younger sister; but toward prettier women he responded with shyness, as if their comeliness awakened secret, romantic aspirations. With children, he was clownish—full of roaring laughter, a repertoire of off-key songs, and unlimited generosity.

"You got any cigarettes?" he asked Riker. "All I've got left around here are Irma's crazy Turkish cigarettes. If you marry a woman who likes Turkish cigarettes, sooner or later you're going to have a problem."

"Hey," Riker said. "You're smashed."

"Well, don't be so damned surprised," Joel said. "Come up and make yourself a drink." He dropped back heavily into a cushioned redwood armchair.

"What's the occasion for this big, solitary midnight revel?" Riker asked, studying Joel over the rim of his glass. "Turn a solid, respectable husband and father loose with a bottle, and you can't predict what'll happen."

"Stop nosing around, Gus," Joel said uneasily. "I'm in no mood for your famous lighthearted sociability."

"Okay," Riker said amiably. "You stop growling at me, and I'll stop kidding. But I know and *you* know that you don't ordinarily sit around by yourself killing a bottle like a kid eating candy."

Red-eyed and haggard, Joel smiled sadly at Riker. "I appreciate the sympathy, but I guess I do like you better as a practicing wise guy who can't understand why everybody didn't start out rich, good-looking, permanently resistant to blubber around the middle, and irresistible to women. You never seem to have any problems with your women, Gus."

"It's nice to know you think of me as one of those Greek shipping magnates," Riker said. "But I'm just a guy in wholesale hardware."

Illustrated by Robert Heindel

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"Yeah," Joel said, "you're just a modest, hard-working little businessman hoping for a tax break. That's not your act, buddy."

Suddenly Riker put down his glass and began to grin, leaning forward confidentially. "Why, you sly bastard—it's a woman!" he exclaimed with delight. "The number-one family man on the East Coast has gone and engaged himself in some old-fashioned extra-marital folderol like us run-of-the-mill married men. Listen, Joel, I can't help laughing. You're the big name in husbands—the one that came in the factory-sealed carton." Riker shook his head and slumped in his chair. "Boy, oh boy," he chuckled. "Are you having any trouble because Irma knows about it?"

"Gus," Joel said, "I just hope to hell you never find out what it's like away from the lee side. But I guess you won't. You're one of those damned lucky children of the gods."

Still grinning, Riker said, "I'm right, though. It *is* a woman. You'll never bring it off, pal. Not if you carry on like this. You need perspective in this dodge. You son of a gun. I'd never have believed it. Not old Joel."

"Stop slavering like a coyote," Joel said morosely. "I'm not in your league."

"Well, you're in there trying," Riker said.

Joel shook his head. "I'm in love with her, Gus," he said quietly. "And I've got no business being in love this way."

"Good-bye Irma, hello Queen Guinevere," Riker said, pouring himself another drink.

"Hell, Gus," Joel said, as if he needed the consoling relief of confession, "every time I see her, we tell each other it won't fly. 'I don't want to be in love with you, Joel,' she says. 'One of us should stop it.' I say it, and she says it, and we sit there, and we go right on looking at each other."

Joel paused, swaying slightly with drunkenness, his eyes tender and guilty. "We're very objective on the telephone. I talk to her like a busy personnel manager who can give her five minutes to tell me the story of her life. I tell her there's no reason why we shouldn't

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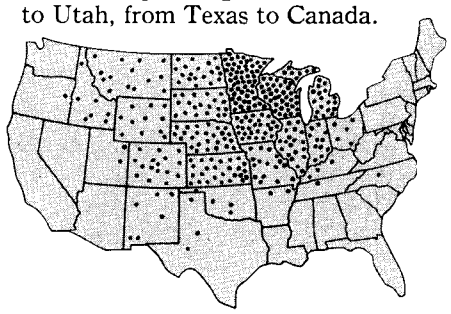

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like each other, have lunch once in a while, enjoy a drink, a chat—and she agrees with me. Then she comes in to wherever it is we decided to eat and says hello to me. To the naked eye, she is just a pretty woman with nice legs who happens to like a number of ordinary things. How many women like that walk in the street every day? Then she sits down. Did you ever notice how a woman sits down when she wants to be close to you? They almost touch you, but not quite, in that first second, and their eyes shine as if right now makes up for any time they ever cried about anything. Gus, you don't know what the hell I'm talking about," Joel said. "You are not the kind of guy who would ever hear a woman cry at night. So please understand one damn thing about me. I am not in your club."

"Joel, you're asking for trouble," Riker said earnestly.

"I'm in love," Joel said with slow, stubborn, drunken dignity.

In the morning, Riker woke up and listened to the sounds of dawn. Soft laughter of children—muffled, and choked back because forbidden things were afoot—came from the sun deck. Children, Riker thought in his paternal mood, come up to a new day like seals at feeding time. The muted crackling of a radio came to him from his oldest daughter's room. Ann, ten years old, searched for mystery and drama on the high seas with the old radio direction finder Riker had given her.

Riker got up from bed and went to the sun deck where the two younger children, Pete and Steffi, were crouched together in the log-cabin playhouse, each wrapped in a blanket, like a miniature brave and squaw. Riker tiptoed toward them. Steffi, unlike her brother, was lively, independent, and assertive; she giggled at Riker and told him exactly what they were playing, while Pete stared expressionlessly at him. Steffi, Riker thought, made a lousy squaw; but Pete was just right for a sullen, distrustful brave who won't go along with the tribe believing in the white man's promises. Children by the sea, Riker thought, smiling down at Steffi. Summer was a great honey pot for children. Then Riker winked and blew her kisses like puffballs off the palm of his hand and gave Pete the Indian sign. He stepped through the sliding glass door of the sun deck with culprit stealth, and went toward the sound of the radio that was still crackling with static and muffled, toneless voices.

The beauty of his oldest daughter delighted him. Ann's pretty nose was peeling with sunburn; her hair was bleached to gold by the sun. She sat cross-legged in bed, eating white grapes, picking them singly from the bunch on the plate in her tidy lap.

"Hello, beautiful, courageous, and bold," he whispered.

"Shush, Daddy. It's a Liberian freighter."

"Trouble on the high seas?"

"Somebody is sick, and they're calling the Coast Guard."

Riker sat on the bed, smiling at her, and accepted a grape. When the Liberian freighter went off the air, she said, "You were late last night, and mother is very angry at you. She was talking to Nanny long distance and said you'd probably forget to bring the other beach raft again because you always forget everything she asks you to do. Did you?"

Riker nodded, and Ann shook her head, irrevocably on her mother's side. Then Riker stood up, and slid his hands through her long, blonde hair. "Want to go sailing today?" he asked.

"I can't. I'm going over to Terry Forbish's house today."

"I'll let you handle the tiller," Riker said.

"Daddy, I promised Terry," she said.

"You told me on the phone you'd like to go sailing."

"Today is Saturday. I said Friday and you didn't get here in time."

"Your old dad doesn't have a chance with you anymore," Riker said.

"Daddy, that's not fair," she said. "Terry Forbish is my best summer friend."

"Okay," Riker said. "Have fun." He left her tuned in to all the ships at sea and went back to bed.

Waking for the second time, past noon, Riker washed, dressed quickly, and went into the kitchen. Rested and hungry, he announced to his wife that he was ready for breakfast.

"You're a meal behind," Helen said.

Riker tried to kiss her on the cheek, but she said, "You're in my way, Gus. I'm trying to make myself a grilled cheese sandwich. Steffi and Pete are eating lunch on the sun deck. And as soon as we're through, I've got to take them shopping. Pete's bursting out of his sneakers, and Steffi needs a new bathing suit. You can't just start your day in the middle of mine. I'll make you a sandwich. But that's all."

"You're sore because I got in late," Riker said in his practiced, ingenuous, peace-offering voice.

"I'm used to that," Helen said. "You make me feel like a homely camp counselor with a whistle on a string around her neck. Why can't you come down in time to have dinner with us on a Friday like other husbands do?"

"I called you," Riker said. "I can't control what happens at the office. When you own the business, you can't cut out at five just because you'd like to."

"You always have an excuse," Helen said. "Did you happen to see Joel when you got here?"

"We had a nightcap on his sun deck," Riker said. "He was crocked."

"Irma told me that's what he's been doing all week. Sitting out there at night until God knows how long, nursing a bottle and not talking to her. Did he say anything to you?"

"About what?" Riker said.

"Gus, you know what I mean," Helen said. "About why he's out there drink-

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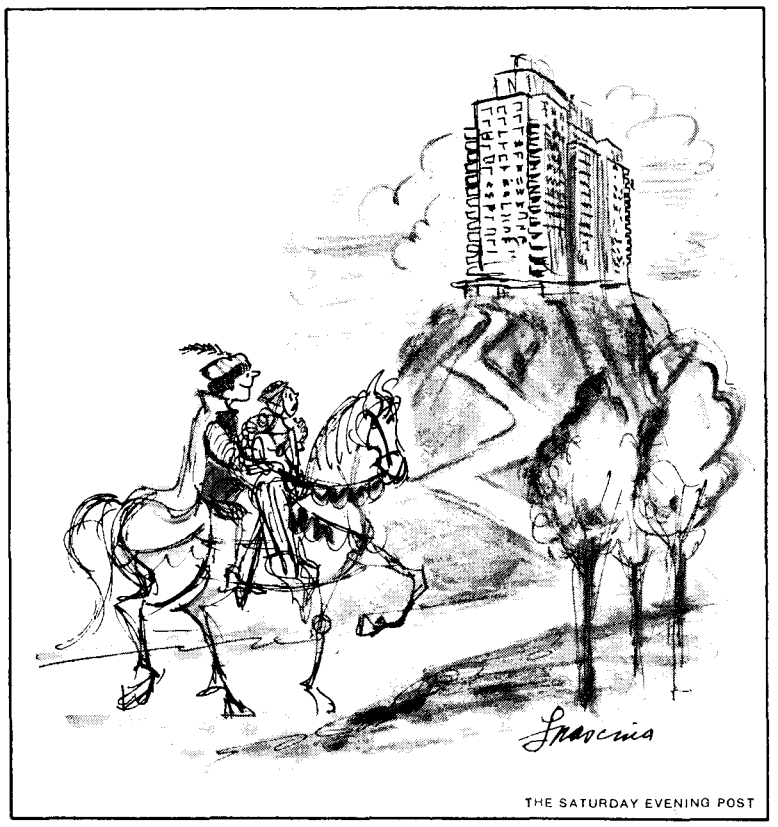

ing. Irma is terribly upset, and Joel won't say a thing to her."

"Joel said a lot of things," Riker said. "If he didn't mean them, they're things Irma might not want to hear about. But if he did mean them, then he ought to be the one to tell her. Not me and not you."

"I know what she *thinks* it is," Helen said deliberately. "And it's the same thing I think. It's just ridiculous enough to be true." Helen put down her sandwich, touched the paper napkin to her mouth, and looked speculatively at him. "*Is* it something like that, Gus?"

"Yes," Riker said. "Isn't that something?"

"Poor Irma," Helen said. "Once she told me that she never thought for a minute since they've been married that Joel didn't love her. Isn't *that* something for a woman to say?" Helen averted her face, gazing away silently. Summer freckles splashed across her face; her tan deepened the smoky blue color of her eyes. For an instant, she looked very young and forlorn. Then she asked in a rising voice, "What did you tell him, Gus?"

"That he wasn't the type. Not if a woman lets him make a few passes at her, and he builds it up into a passion, complete with trumpets and waving banners."

Shyly, Helen said, "Is that how Joel feels?"

"And guilty," Riker said.

"You wouldn't feel guilty," Helen said.

Riker grimaced, fidgeting with his cup of coffee and cigarette. He looked at her carefully. "Are you asking me or telling me?"

"You think it's funny," she said gravely, and Riker relaxed, stretched out his legs, and smiled at her.

"True. Joel is not cut out to be a lover."

"Poor Joel," Helen said, nodding her head.

"Make up your mind. First it was poor Irma. It can't be poor everybody," Riker said.

"Yes, it can," Helen said. "I don't know why he'd tell you. He shouldn't even like you. Poor Joel, he's such a sweet, intense little man who tries so hard to know about things other people are interested in so they won't think he just cares about making money."

"I can give you the names of half a dozen people who think he's a hard-nosed, merciless bastard," Riker said.

"I suppose you're a dear little brother in charity at the office," Helen said. "Joel can't forget that he started out with nothing, and you can't remember that you didn't."

Helen looked down at her straw mat. "Last week he took us for a boat ride. I was on the flying bridge with him, and he started telling me about all the things he'd missed, and how they seemed more important to him as he got older. I didn't think anything special about it at the time. Then he told me how much he owed Irma. How she used to work in the office with him, because in those days he couldn't afford to hire anyone. He was so sad and troubled, and I didn't realize it. Then he said to me, 'It's nice to sit up here with a pretty woman.' 'Joel, I'm just another woman with three kids,' I said. 'But you're pretty,' he said, 'and if that husband of yours doesn't think so, you send him over to me.' I remember how he looked at Irma giving the kids lunch. She had on slacks and a halter top—two things she should never wear, because she's so plump and short. 'Irma is not a pretty woman,' he said, as if he were trying to tell me a secret. I told him it didn't matter. He smiled at me and said, 'Yes, it does. Sometimes it does. Irma is an affectionate, energetic, chubby lady. An affectionate, energetic, chubby lady is not a pretty woman.'"

"It's a private problem," Riker said. "Don't get tossed around in the wake."

"Not me," Helen said. "I'm fortunate. You wouldn't fall in love and feel guilty."

"Why don't you cut that out, Helen?" Riker said uncomfortably.

"Well, here we are in the dangerous woods without an armed guide," Helen said, rising and smiling coldly at him. "I'd better take those kids shopping."

Alone in the house, Riker walked into the living room and stood at the window. He felt restless, chastened by the harsh intimacy of his conversation with Helen, locked in with himself in the empty house. Everything was flowing away, lengthening before him. Each time he thought of himself, he seemed dismally older. Helen too seemed older, more adroit than ever at measuring the reality of things. She was ready to accept him as he was—pleasant and connubially unreliable.

He stared wistfully at the beach, and beyond the dunes where the beach flattened out, and umbrellas stood like flowers on rigid slanting stalks. The piercing notes of the lifeguard's whistle summoned bathers back to safety. It was simple out there. All you had to do was listen for the sound of the whistle. A girl in a white bathing suit stood beside the lifeguard's observation chair. The lifeguard, a burly young man, leaned toward her. Suddenly, intensely curious to see them exactly as they were, Riker got out a pair of binoculars. He focused them on the girl and lifeguard, bringing their faces up close and sharp. The lifeguard became a chubby young man with pimples. But the girl was pretty, and she would be a pretty woman—pretty enough for anyone.

Then Riker saw his daughter come out of Joel's house. She looked back at the house and marched slowly across the sand, taking the shortcut around the slatted, graying beach fencing half buried in the dunes. The screen door opened and closed. Riker put down the binoculars and smiled at her as she walked into the living room.

"Hello, Daddy," she said. "Where's Mother?"

"She took Steffi and Pete shopping," Riker said. "I thought you were spending the day with Terry."

"Her mother asked me to go home," Ann said. "Daddy, they're having an argument."

"That happens," Riker said.

"But they're having a terrible argument," Ann said. "Terry's mother is crying and yelling because Terry's father is going away." Ann paused, made uncertain by the inexplicable savagery of adult behavior. "She doesn't want him to go. She keeps saying, 'You can't do it,' and he doesn't say anything." Ann twined her slender fingers together and looked at Riker with wide-open, questioning eyes. "I heard him say he wants to get a divorce, Daddy."

"People leave each other, Ann. People get divorced," Riker said.

"But he's Terry's father," Ann cried. "He's not supposed to."

"Honey," Riker said, "maybe he doesn't mean it. Sometimes people say things like that, but they don't really mean them. Would you like to go sailing with me now, Ann? There's a good wind out on the bay."

"I don't feel like going," Ann said.

"Honey," Riker said again, "there's nothing we can do about their argument."

"Daddy," Ann said, "Terry was just standing there and looking at them, and they were just arguing as if she wasn't even there."

Riker looked at her helplessly; she was groping with fear and loyalty for the first time, Riker thought. He remembered how Joel had called him a child of the gods last night. Well, where the hell was the wisdom a child of the gods ought to have so he could teach Ann about the ways of the country all children entered.

"Daddy, I guess we can't do anything," Ann said finally, as Riker stroked her hair. The telephone rang, and she said quickly, "I'll answer it," and fled to the phone. Riker realized that she wanted to impress him with the mature quality of her resignation over what was happening. It was a way of being close to him. "Daddy, it's somebody for you," she said.

Riker took the telephone, telling her not to go away. Then he said, "Hello," into the mouthpiece.

"Hello, Gus Riker. I saw Helen shopping, and I thought you might be home. Who answered the phone?"

The woman's voice was vaguely familiar.

"Ann," he said. "My oldest daughter."

"Oh," the woman said. "Is it all right for you to talk?"

"Excuse me," Riker said. "Who is this?"

"Well, well," she said, her voice becoming more flirtatious. "It didn't take you long to forget me. Gloria Sanders. You wanted to know all about me last week at the yacht club. And you found out nearly everything—in case you've forgotten that."

"I'm sorry," Riker said. "Yes, I remember you. You're staying with Bud Nichols and his wife."

"See, you did remember me." When Riker said nothing, she asked, "Look, is something the matter? I only called you because you promised that you'd call me. You don't sound pleased at all because I decided I couldn't wait any longer. Do you want to call me later?" she asked a little uncertainly, as Riker's silence persisted.

"No," Riker said.

Then he heard Ann say, "Daddy, are you going to be through on the phone? Mr. Forbish is leaving."

Riker covered the mouthpiece with his hand. "I'll be right there, Ann. Listen," he told the woman, "don't call me, and I won't call you. Just leave me the hell alone."

"So that's how it goes," the woman said. "Baby doesn't go a'hunting anymore. The conversion of the lover and all that." She hung up.

Riker looked out the window in time to see Joel in the driveway putting two suitcases into his car trunk. Then Joel got into the car and drove out to the road, turning in the direction of the causeway that led off the island. Nobody came out of the house while he was leaving, or afterward.

"Terry will still have a father," Ann said, staring at Riker. "People who get divorced see their children. But it's not the same thing, is it, Daddy?"

"You're right, Ann," he said, believing that he must somehow be truthful with her. The strident blast of the lifeguard's whistle echoed over the beach. The lifeguard was standing and waving his thick arms vigorously. Near the hazardous rock jetty, a small group of bathers, separated from all the others, now came slowly and reluctantly toward the safe water. □

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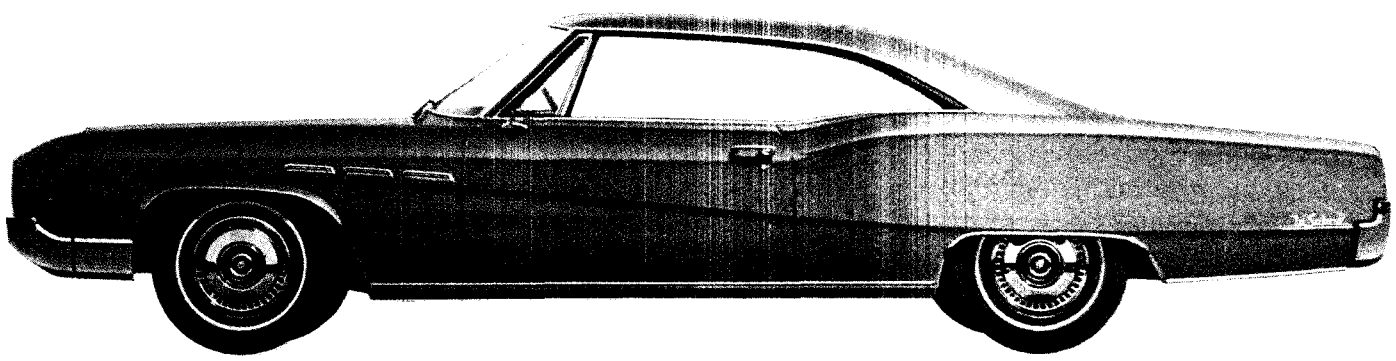
New smoothie. '67 Buick LeSabre.



See how suave Buick's 1967 LeSabre looks? Well, it *acts* even smoother. Under its influence, the roughest roads turn to velvet. But then that's a habit with Buicks. (When you think of smooth ride, what's the first car you think of?) Making short work of long drives is another Buick habit. (Buick engines are bears for traveling.) And this year Buick, like all GM cars, has added several new safety features, including a braking system with dual master cylinders. There may be smoother ways to travel. But flying carpets can get cold in the wintertime. Besides, you can get a LeSabre for a lot less money. And a lot more easily.

"When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them." Still true.

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Tight money and you

(and your Full Service bank)

What does tight money mean?

Simply this: The demand for money has become greater than the supply available for everyone's needs.

Who is responsible for money being tight?

You are, we are, the government is. Everyone is responsible.

The Federal Government is financing an ever growing war effort in Viet Nam. Government at all levels is spending more than ever before. Businesses in order to stay competitive are investing record sums in new, more efficient plants and equipment. Individual consumers, enjoying the highest take-home pay ever, are buying unsurpassed amounts of goods and services.

When you add all of these things together, the total demand for dollars has simply out run the available supply. And if more lendable money became available, your dollars and our dollars would run the risk of losing still more of their buying power.

This is called inflation. The government wants to combat inflation. So do we. So certainly must you.

Tight money restrains inflation.

The Federal Reserve Board, whose job it is to regulate the nation's banking system, has acted to restrain the growth of lendable money. The "Fed" has done this by discouraging banks from unnecessary lending and by raising the interest rate on the money they do lend to banks. (We have to borrow, too. Frequently, as a matter of fact.)

By slowing down the economy, American industry is given a chance to catch its breath in order to meet the demand for goods and services we all want. Then prices won't run away with themselves.

And the value of your dollar will be protected.

How do you stand with your Full Service bank now that money is tight?

If you wonder whether you can still borrow money if you need it, the answer is *yes!* After all, that's what Full Service banks are for. They keep your money safe. Help it grow. Lend it to you when you need it.

Your credit and ability to borrow money for essential purposes continue to be good.

So remember—for any financial help you really need, your Full Service bank will do everything possible to cooperate. And remember too, that "tight money" is only temporary.

How can you help?

One of the best ways to ease this situation is to increase your personal savings—at the only place that serves all your banking needs. Your Full Service bank.

FULL SERVICE BANK®

Foundation for Commercial Banks

Endorsed by **The American Bankers Association**

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The men I go out with weep. . .

MY HEART BELONGS TO:

(A)_____

(B)_____

(C)_____

(D)_____

(OTHER)_____

BY ANN BAYER

Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

I'm the kind of girl that when a boy looks down the front of my dress he says he can see the pattern on the Axminster carpet. I seem to attract that category of men who hang eggplants from their ceiling. If we have anything in common it's that we both use the same liquid cleaner for our contact lenses. Their fantasies are the type in which they lie dying of tuberculosis on a filthy pallet in Damascus and I bring them milk of magnesia on a tray. That may *sound* wonderful, but for most of these men you wouldn't want to appear under a Syrian tent flap carrying an antacid, even in your mind.

I seem to be someone toward whom men do not make romantic gestures. Instead, the men I go out with weep. Standing beside me at intersections in the early afternoon, they look mournfully off into the distance. They stare plaintively into their *apéritifs*.

Obviously there is a dire haphazardness about my encounters with men. The person you want to spend the rest of your life with on this astonishing and radiant planet is not someone you simply *meet*. How much more rational to blacken the box which denotes whether the man you marry should be very, moderately, slightly or not at all lachrymose and to accept only those advances made by men whose personality traits are congenial with your own. On that theory, I subscribed to a computerized dating service.

Computerized relationships, I had heard, were "now." Services with names like TICK and CRAVE advertised in the newspapers, pledging to screen out the inharmoniousness of the chance encounter. The joiners' demands were either sifted by a qualified psychologist or codified by a processing machine. Perhaps I would be lucky enough to be matched with a man with no tear ducts or, better, with someone who shared not only my myopia but my vision of the world as well.

Eventually I received a question pamphlet and on its cover was the drawing of a man, presumably a bachelor, staggering backward and clutching his chest. From the vicinity of his heart protruded a quivering arrow shot by a cupid whose headband bore the legend, ELECTRO-SELECTIVE LOVELORN CALCULATOR.

The instructions in the pamphlet said to press down firmly with a pencil on the attached card and to answer all questions honestly. Since most of the multiple-choice questions were on the order of "What sort of men do you prefer? (A) moderately systematic (B) slightly random (C) completely disorganized (D) Other," it did not take long to answer. I mailed my 83 answers, along with a nominal fee, to a CDC 3600 computer, confident that the forthcoming men would not prefer collecting coins to playing a musical instrument or that when alone they would most like to look out the window.

Stamped on the questionnaire was the date on which I could expect a reply. A month after that date came a notice saying that in order to accommodate the many responses, tabulation had been postponed, but that the names of my counterparts would be sent out shortly. Applicants were advised to take heart since the more participants there were, the better their chances of being accurately coupled.

Six weeks later, in an envelope on which the computer had misprinted my name and address, I received a list of three "compatibility results." Each was on a separate blue card with holes punched in it. A punched pink card with my own misspelled name on it was also included. Three was the minimum number of single men promised, and this seemed to testify to the discrimination of the computer. It was left up to all the applicants to establish their own "telephonic communication," so when two weeks went by without a call, I decided to phone one of the single men myself. I picked a blue card that said "Howard." When I reached Howard and explained who I was, he groaned. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I refuse to go out with you. There have been just too many liars from that Electro-Selective place. I went out with two girls from there, and they were both 'living for

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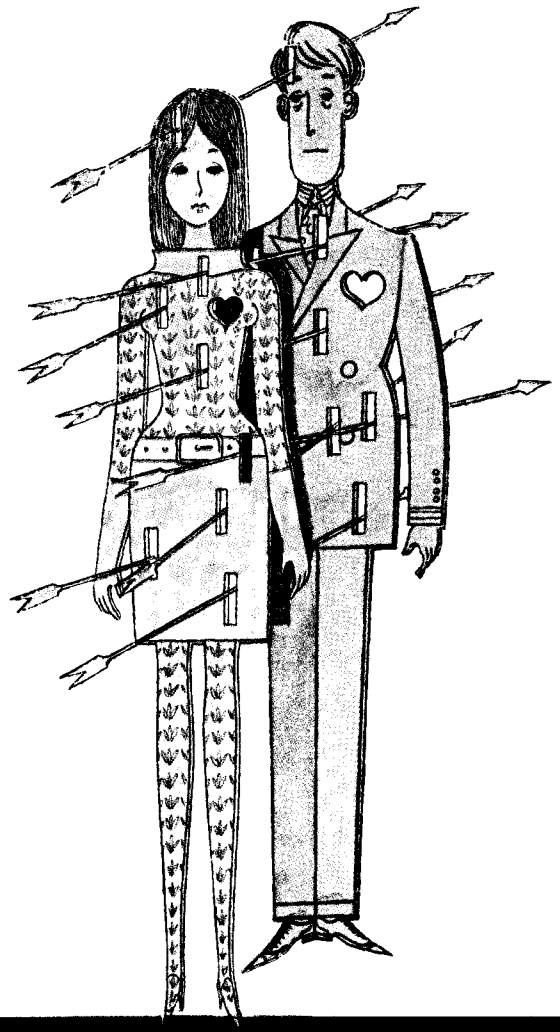

Targets of a Cupid-computer

today.' I'd carefully specified that I wanted someone who was 'planning for the future.' I think those girls put that they were planning for the future so they could go out with a man who had a savings account. They must have lied because computers don't make mistakes. They certainly don't make that *big* a mistake. Living for today and planning for the future are pretty fundamental personal attitudes, after all.

"There's no such thing as a cheap date any more. Those two evenings alone averaged out to seven dollars and thirty cents each. I haven't eaten anything but Good and Plenty licorice drops since. Who feels like *paying* for the opportunity of meeting girls who just want to live it up and couldn't care less about building for the future? Now if *you* would like to invite me over for a free meal, that's another story."

When I failed to respond, Howard said he didn't want to waste any more of my message units and hung up.

The next day I got a call from another Electro-Selective contact—a man whose name was Gregory but who answered to "Moose." "I'm full of basic, unbridled impulses and have an incredible carnal capacity," he said. "As I'm speaking to you, I have a heroin needle in my left arm, I'm sniffing glue, and I'm sucking a sugar cube loaded with lysergic acid diethylamide." Moose told me to meet him after work at the Schraffts' Bar on East 58th Street. "I'll be carrying a copy of *Rogue* open to its fold-out girl of the month. Don't worry about my recognizing you. Just look sexy and don't wear flats."

Moose was waiting for me inside the revolving door; he had his thumb in the navel of Miss Katryn Crawford, *Rogue*'s "June Miss." After he'd ordered our drinks, Moose pushed back his snap-brim hat and handed me a figurine six inches high. "Compliments of yours truly," he said. "I'm in the Kewpie-doll line. I *used* to be in the snap-lock table-pad line. We make abbreviated costumes and accessories for Kewpies like this one. Now this Kewpie's G-string is made of nylon tricot. Her halter is made of acetate satin with a taffeta ruffle. Next time I see you I'll give you one of those ballerina skirts made entirely of polyester acrylics."

He snapped his swizzle stick in two with his thumbs. "I'm divorced. It shows, huh? I had no intention of *marrying* the girl. In fact, I told her that my ideal marital partner would be some oversexed intellectual type. Then it occurred to me that's what *she* was, so I was stuck. Being wedded to her was awful. My bride used to leave scraps of her personal credo lying around the apartment. She'd attach tags to the asphodel saying, '*A brebis tondue, Dieu mesure le vent.*' She typed '*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*' on a gummed label and glued it to the spice rack. I'd turn over an ashtray and find she'd scribbled, '*Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*' '*Quod licet bovis, non licet Jovis*' would be in the Tupperware. Now she's married to an *hors d'oeuvres* caterer who uses phrases like 'goof off.'

"After we dissolved the union, I paid three hundred dollars to a digital-processing service which promises you four 'matchless matches.' They send over the girls' names one at a time. The first girl told me over the phone that she had a severe physical handicap and had trouble getting through doorways. I told her, 'Look, I'm sure you're a highly personable and delightful young lady, but it just isn't my scene.'

"Girl number two sounded ideal in every way *except* she happened to live in Laramie, Wyoming. I wrote a letter to the digital people saying I had neither the time nor the wherewithal to fly out to Wyoming for a human relationship.

"The third girl they sent was a groove. Her last name was Schumann, and I have a thing for music. I guess I made her very happy. After a while I made her too happy. She started sending me presents all the time. She gave me a samovar from Odessa. She gave me a cordless slicing knife. She even gave me a fifteen-dollar gift certificate from Abraham & Straus. Finally she sent me a piece of string three inches long. No note. It spooked me because a psychiatrist told me that's what demented people do when they plan to kill somebody—the inches signify the number of days the victim has left to live. By now I was writing rather forcibly to the digital people.

"The fourth girl was one of twins, and they looked like they should have been named Charybdis and Scylla. It's a historical fact that none of the really great people in the world have been part of a set of twins.

"Meantime, I saw this ad where for three dollars you get up to ten faultless mates. I figured, Well, if I've already invested three *hundred* dollars for four girls, what harm will it do to get two and one-half times the returns for a hundredth of the price?"

Moose told me that if I wanted to test our compatibility still more, I could come home with him. He warned, however, that there were several ground rules he had laid down for his own protection. Rule 1: He didn't give out any keys. Rule 2: Once a girl started inserting photographs in the mirror or showed any other signs of prolonged cohabitation, he had the right to throw her out.

I said that I didn't think I could meet his conditions and went home. The next day the phone rang and a voice said: "Greetings and salutations. May I speak to the party that was so desperate for a date she fed all her kopecks to a machine?"

"This is she," I said.

'Hi, Cookie, my name is Leroy. I'm your processed inamorato. I live in Perth Amboy; they say it's the spiderwort of the Garden State. Laugh, Cookie. My vocation is dentistry but my *avocation* is weightlifting. I bet you were hoping for a mink-coat salesman or a diamond-ring salesman. Myself, I've always been oriented toward oral disease. While the rest of the world is admiring the safety features at the Coliseum's auto show, I'm looking under the hood. While my nephews play Itsy Spider on the ribs of the woolly mammoth, I'm counting its grinders.

"Right this second I'm holding our computer cards up to the light, and I count sixteen holes in common. I received a total of seven cards, and yours had the second-most holes correlating with mine. First, I grant you, I called the girl with the most holes. I figured maybe she'd answered 'yes' where they ask about financial solvency. She had the extra bonus of convenience since she lives just over in Trenton. When she arrived up at my place, Cookie, I was so *mad*. She *wasn't* between five-three and

Leroy *Moose* *Howard*

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"The men look for the women, and the women look for the men."

five-five the way I'd specified. She *didn't* have blond hair. She was an *agnostic*. She didn't have either my first *or* my second choice in eye coloring. We just sat around glaring at each other. I do all my own homemaking and luckily we got onto the subject of nutrition. It developed that we both like *ptcha*—that's frozen calves' feet, Cookie—so I gave her a piece I had in the icebox. Then I drove her to the bus stop.

"For a couple of days, I grant you, I viewed the computer askance, but finally I told myself: Live dangerously. Call the girl with the sixteen holes."

We made a date for lunch at Phebe's Whamburger on Third Avenue.

When I arrived I saw a man seated by himself squinting at a program for the National Dental Association convention being held at the Statler Hilton. "Greetings and salutations," he said as I approached. He ordered the hamburger platter with a side dish of coleslaw and a soda. "Meeee-ooooow," he said, smiling and removing my sunglasses, which he folded up and dropped into his pocket. His face was haggard, and his hands, like those of a very old man, were covered with liver spots.

I inquired where he'd looked for girls, and Leroy told me he'd tried a couple of cruises. On one cruise he went to Curaçao, Grenada, Guadeloupe, and St. Thomas. On the other he'd visited ports in Martinique, Barbados, and San Juan. Yes, there had been one unattached woman; however, she had just stood up at the altar a dry-goods manufacturer from Bangor, Maine, and had kept to her cabin the whole time.

The place to go, Leroy confided, was to a resort like the Concord that catered to young eligibles. "I may not know much about existential philosophy, but I *do* know how to have fun. Depending on traffic, I take either the Garden State Parkway or the New Jersey Turnpike and turn off at Exit Sixteen on the New York Thruway. Here's a tip, Cookie: take your shower right after you register. Some of the baths are semiprivate, and if you put it off, there can be about an eleven-minute wait. The no-privacy element *is* a drawback, I grant you, but I'll say this: Their rooms are as well appointed as any you'll find at Grossinger's in a comparable price range. I'm not saying that luxury is their hallmark, but if you request three pairs of shoetrees, chances are you'll *get* three pairs of shoetrees. After I'm refreshed, I usually unpack and then go down and study the day's schedule in the lobby. On the Continental Singles' Week in August they have a Tarantella and Fandango dance. *That's* one I don't miss. My advice to you is: Go. But expect to be disappointed. Decide beforehand nothing's going to happen. Just keep in your mind, Cookie, everybody's looking for the Concord Kid."

He stopped abruptly. "This is *great* coleslaw!" he cried. Before I could say anything, he was off again on another soliloquy. "I *have* entertained the notion of going to Europe and frisking the youth hostels for girls, but I've always thought better of it. In France they don't wrap the bread. You can get dyspepsia from that. Besides, in the summertime you'll find me on the lawn with my weights. You'll find me in my bathing suit at the Jersey shore. Here's where you'll find me weekends." Leroy brought out a matchbook which advertised Yonkers Raceway on its cover. "You *won't* find me in a foreign country where the population uses every kind of sense but common. Anyhow, I *like* it in Perth Amboy. I'm originally from Hackensack, but I don't want to settle there. In Hackensack they call beef stew 'mulligan stew.'"

"Why's that bad?"

"I didn't say it was *bad*, I said it was *true*."

The conversation drifted to weightlifting. I said I didn't, as a general rule, like men who worked all the time to improve their muscle tone. He said that, oho! I didn't believe in longevity. I said I did believe in longevity but that exercising was dull, and I asked him what he thought about while he was lifting barbells. He replied that he wasn't *there* to think; he was there to work out. If he wanted to think, he said, he'd go home and watch his TV.

As we left Phebe's, Leroy invited me to come to Perth Amboy and watch him lift a 198-pound iron rod. When I declined, he placed my sunglasses back over my eyes and said he was going to work off the ground-beef platter by jogtrotting back to the dental convention on Seventh Avenue.

When I got home I found in the mailbox an invitation to an Automated Feedback Party, for those who had not so far been lucky with their compatibility results. Since I qualified for the guest list, I mailed in three dollars and got back a nontransferable invitation on which my name was still misspelled, but differently from before.

The party was held in the basement of a Horn & Hardart Automat. A rock-'n'-roll band, which billed itself as The Automatons, constituted the free entertainment. The restaurant's acoustics were imperfect, and the noise seemed to have a deadening effect on everyone's urge to speak. As if fearful of bumping into the compatibility results whom they had failed and who had failed them, the guests would not look at each other directly. Everyone was milling around slowly, as if this were heaven and they were moving through the tough fibers of a cloud.

One boy, whose name was Chuck, handed me a jelly glass full of champagne. "You don't look as hollow as some of the other people here," he said. "That may sound snobbish, but you can tell that most of these girls have very limited social worlds just by looking at them. Don't misunderstand me. They're perfectly nice girls. There's nothing *wrong* with them. I'll tell you something I don't usually divulge. I fell in love with the first processed girl I ever went out with. It hit me all at once while we were sitting in a Chinese restaurant holding hands. I saw that *someone's* hand was going to slip into some spilled Moo Goo Gai Pan. I let it be mine so she'd be saved from having to go through a clammy sensation, and it occurred to me I wouldn't have done that if I didn't love her. Then after we started going out together, I learned she was going with another boy from the computer the same time as me. She insisted that it was possible to be seeing two people and still feel monogamous toward both of them. Anyway, there was a parting, although I wouldn't exactly say it was a mutual parting. I guess God just didn't make her the right way. Not that there was anything *bad* about the way God made her. She had a great many admirable qualities. Would you like me to disappear?"

Another man said he was a chiropractor from Budapest. He pulled a plastic chrysanthemum from a bouquet on the cafeteria counter and gave it to me. He dumped a whole drawerful of spoons into a paper bag. "Here," he said. "Take them. They might come in handy, you never know. Would you or your girl friend like a discount ticket to a Broadway show? Here. How about a Hootenanny bar? Gum?" He pulled out a pocketknife and walked over to one wall. "They've locked up all the food, but I know how to jimmy these little glass windows. Would you care for a piece of date-and-nut bread?" He pried open one of the cases and took out a platter of codfish cakes. "Sure you won't share this with me? What kind of function is this, anyhow? I just wandered in when I saw there was some sort of blowout going on. Hey, girlie, I got an idea, why don't we go over to your place?"

I did go back to my place but not with him. I had come by then to feel that love cannot be programmed; the convolutions of the heart cannot be rendered in terms of (A), (B), (C), (D) or (OTHER). Needing to share our mindfulness of our short-term lease among the stars, we seek each other out unaided. For, as Leroy told me, "The men look for the women, and the women look for the men. That's the way it is in life." □

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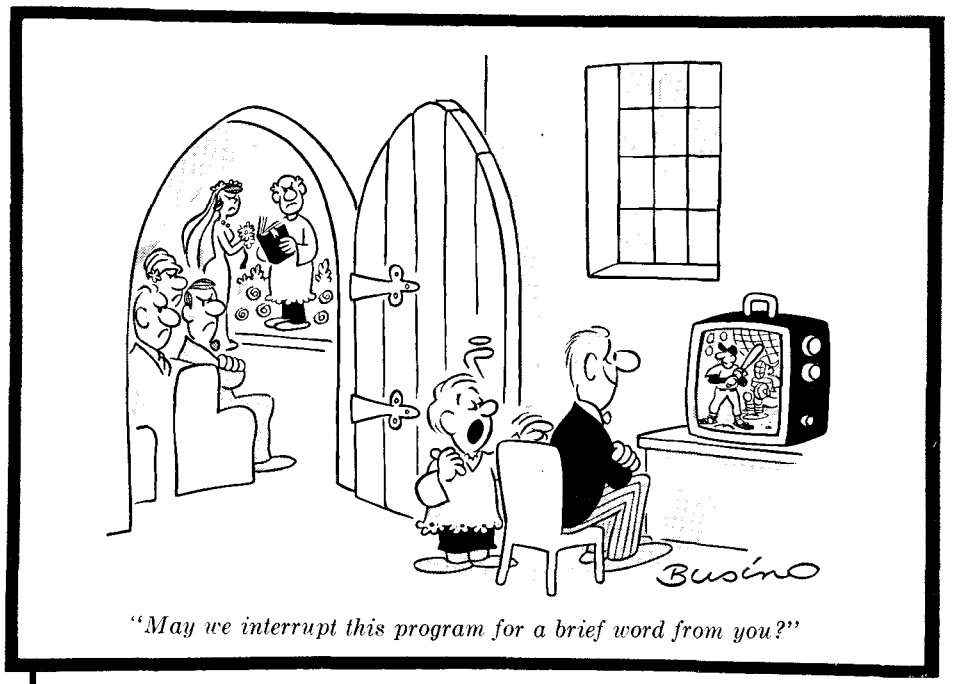
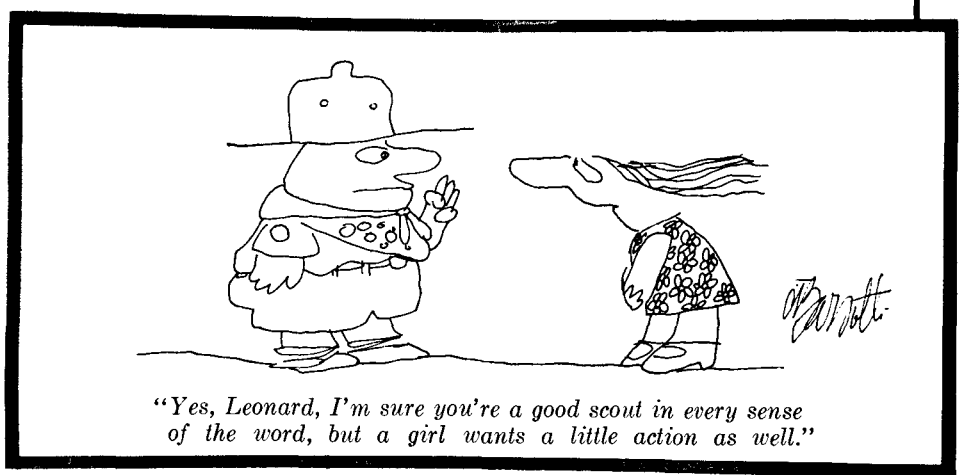
Post scripts

"Darling, would it change things much if I told you we owe everything we have to $30,000 I embezzled in 1948?"



"May we interrupt this program for a brief word from you?"



"Yes, Leonard, I'm sure you're a good scout in every sense of the word, but a girl wants a little action as well."

"You must bring your young man around sometime, dear, so we can have a look at him."

"Lois, your Computer-Tabulated Compatibility Test paid off!"

"If you really think I should go back to him, I will."

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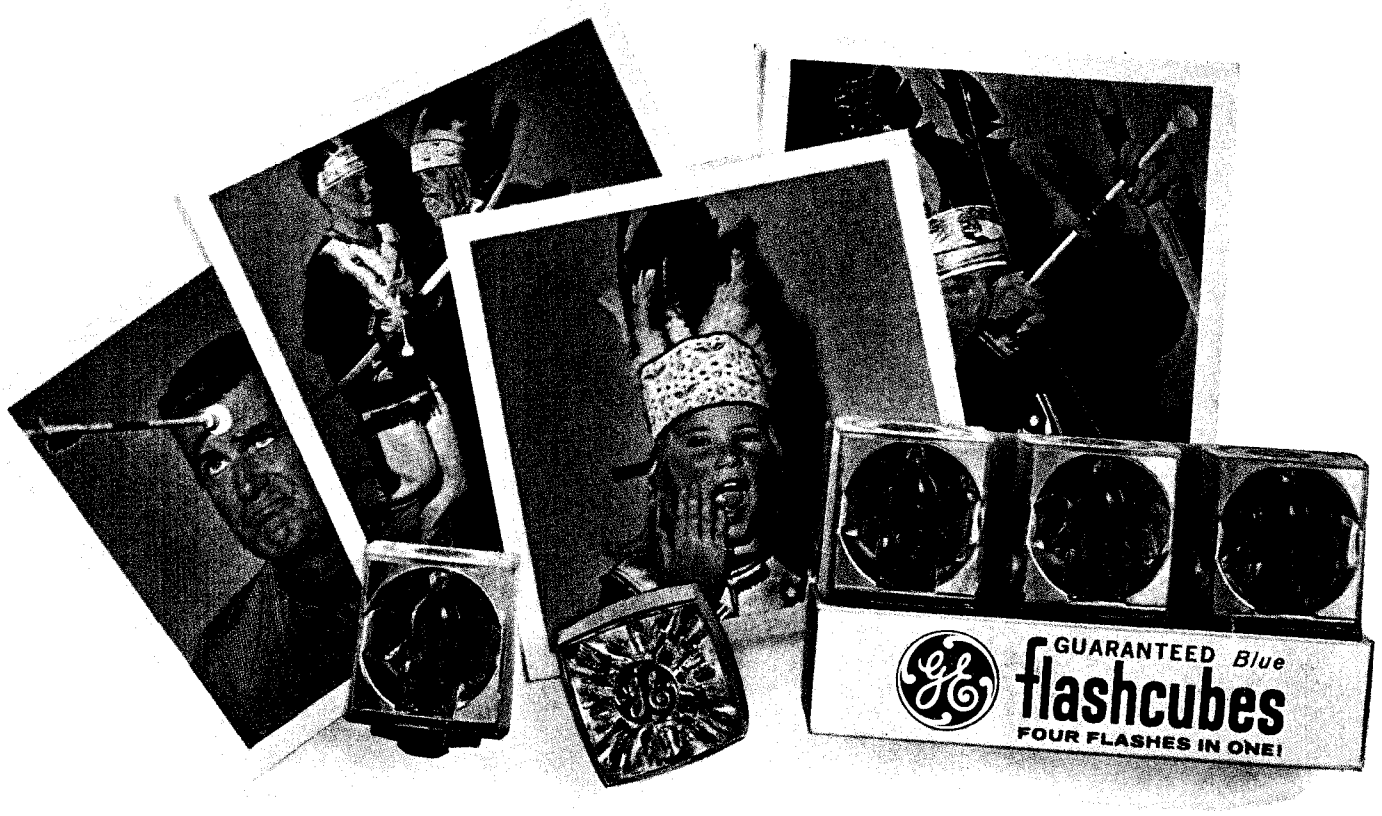
all 4 bulbs are guaranteed to flash



It's not enough just to hope you'll get all 4 pictures. You want to know for sure. That's why General Electric Flashcubes are the ones to use for those great family shots you can't afford to miss. They're so reliable, so sure to flash every shot, that they're backed by a 4-for-1 guarantee. If at any time one of the bulbs in a G-E Flashcube should fail to flash, return it to G. E. and get a new 4-shot flashcube free.

So if you want to be sure you get all 4 of the pictures you take with a flashcube, switch to guaranteed G-E Flashcubes. At your dealer's now.

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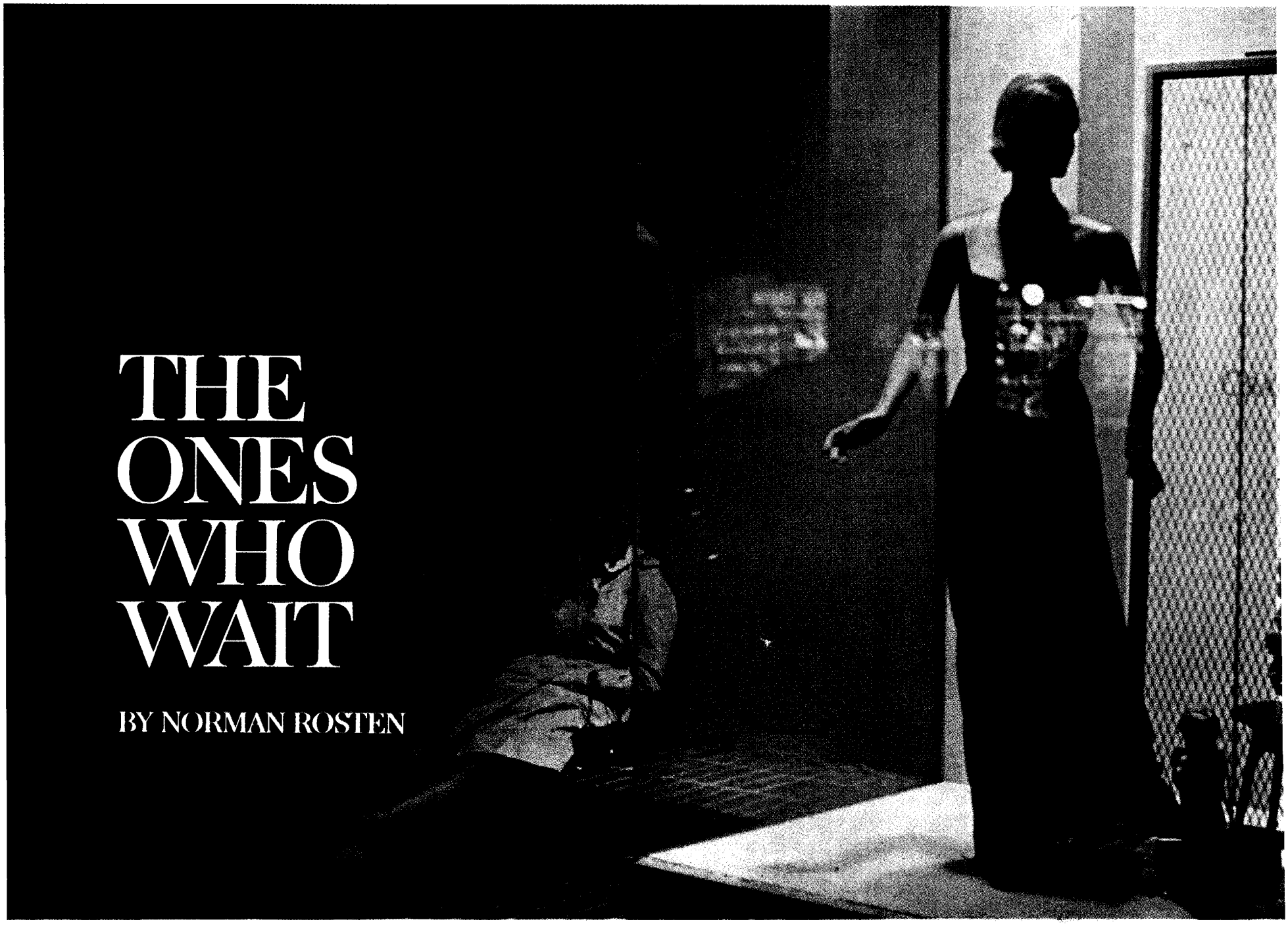
THE ONES WHO WAIT

BY NORMAN ROSTEN



They are the loveless—in a nation that promises love.

You can see them in any city or town, men and women, the young and old, gathering in the late afternoons or evenings, strollers in the streets, or wandering through stores or the parks, or sitting on park benches, or heading for the bars. They are in search of others, the unnamed, the yet-to-be-found, the hour-long or night-long companions. And the numberless unseen who merely wait alone in separate rooms, in small, desperate rooms, their hope behind, accepting defeat. These are the ones who have somehow missed the miracle. Passed by while others were chosen.

Perhaps the saddest of these are the aged and ill, betrayed by the world, forgotten by kin. The living turn cruelly and irrevocably away from the dying. And love, the root of life, withers.

"I don't know why they're keeping me alive," said the man in the sun-filled ward of the hospital, his hands flat upon the sheets, his head turned toward the window where the sun danced. "I'm not going anywhere if I get better. I've got a sister living in California, but she hasn't written for years, and I never hear from my daughters. No one visits me now except a nun sometimes, who is very nice, but I don't even know her name. It doesn't mean anything."

He raised his hand and pushed it back slowly through his thinned hair—a gray hand, and gray hair above a gray face. "I'm an old man. Sometimes I

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find it hard to believe I'm all alone. I think of God sometimes, but He's too serious for me. I wish there was a humorous God, someone you could joke with about life. It's all pretty much of a joke. I never took it too seriously. I wasn't a perfect husband. I drank now and then, never took my home and responsibility serious. The thing is, later, my children turned against me. I guess it was the way I treated their mother. When she died, they went off. I lost my insurance job, and worked in a factory for many years. I lived in lots of furnished rooms. That's when you first begin to realize you're alone, with people all around you alone. They seemed old, I didn't have much to do with them. Until I realized, it hit me, that I was old too. I would take long walks and think of all my bad mistakes. Lucky I'm humorous, I could laugh a little. But one night, the day I found out my disease, I cried. I couldn't live alone anymore. Not after they decided to take off one of my legs. That kind of narrows your world." He smiled wanly, the pale lips sucking at his teeth, the eyes watching the dancing light on the window. "The surprising thing, my son-in-law used to come around every three-four months, spend an hour. I guess he didn't see me as bad as the girls. He was humorous a little like me, maybe he understood me a little. We'd exchange old jokes. He hasn't been around for two years almost.

"They keep giving me drugs and pills, but I keep going downhill. Not much pain. I lie here thinking of my life. I have a dream now, I see a face at the window calling me. I think it's my grandchild. I can't hear him through the glass, and I can't call out. Sometimes I see mice running past my bed looking for food. The nurse says I'm dreaming, but I'm awake then, I can hear the mice." He turned to the wall, tired of the sunlight. "I'm an old man."

Cared for in hospitals, or old-age homes, or alone in silent apartments of wood or brick at the edge of town, living it out with the flame of life dimming, they neither ask for help nor accuse the world. They have the wisdom of the fatalism that comes with age. Still, there is the actual day to be lived, with the unhealing loneliness that exists everywhere in the land, in city or town, creating a vast pool of crippled humanity. Where does one call, and who would hear it with the city speeding by?

She was past 65 and lived in a fourth-floor walkup of an old brownstone. The building was shabby and neglected, and her rooms were small and crowded with furniture that had been accumulated over a lifetime, and because each piece held its own memories she could not bring herself to part with any of it. Ten years before, on an ordinary day and with no warning, her husband went off to work and never returned. He had a heart attack on the subway. They were a close and devoted couple, more so, perhaps, because they were childless. She was left a small amount of money and continued to live on the minimal Social Security benefits allotted to widows. For 10 years she had been living alone, each year lonelier than the one before.

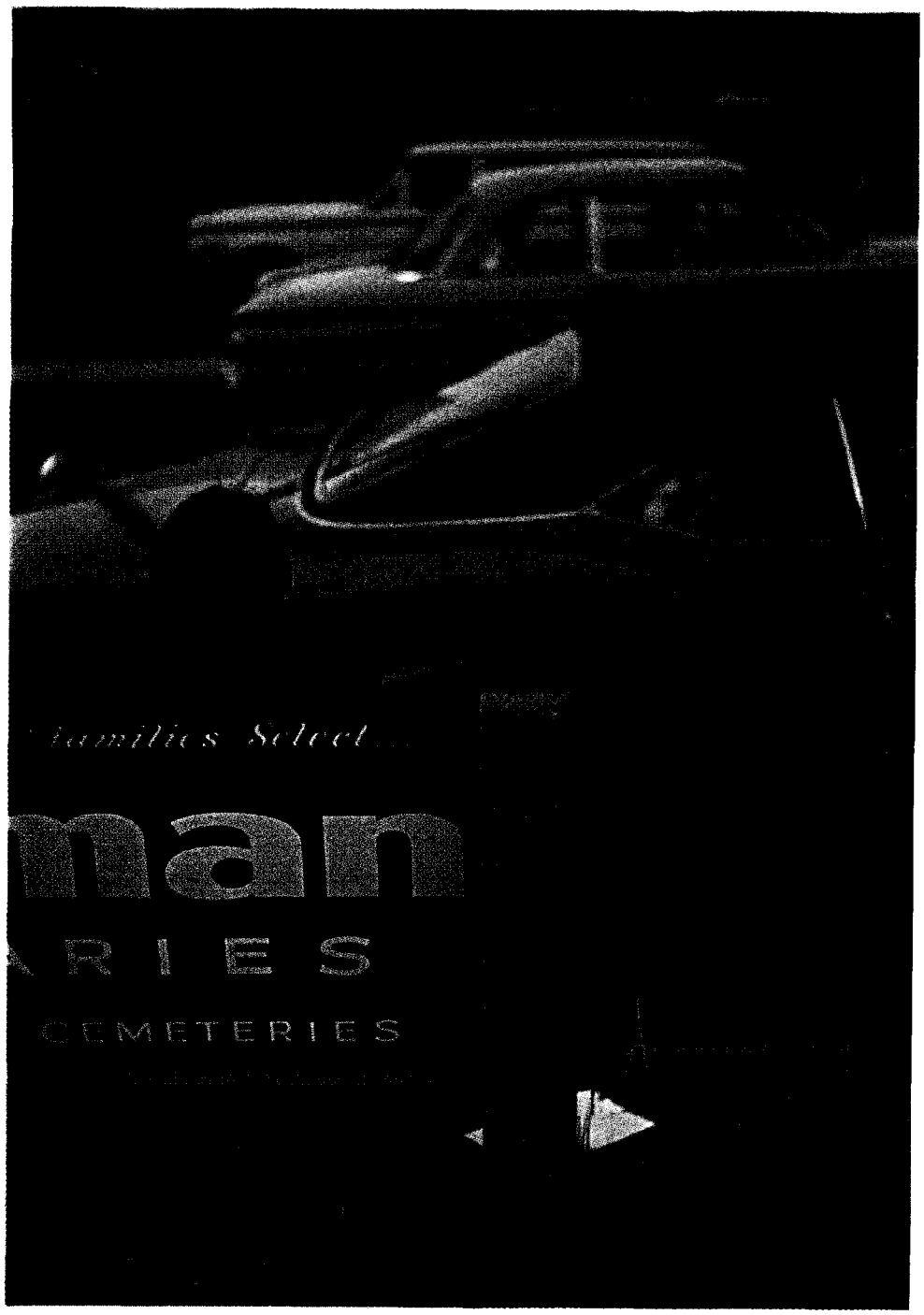
She tried to keep going, occasionally met with a widowed friend for lunch, or went to a movie. The stairs became harder to climb. She tried to arrange it so that she would not leave the apartment more than once each day. Once a day became once every second or third day, then once a week. Between these journeys into the outer world, she would tend her plants and move in silence through the rooms crowded with old chairs and clocks and faded rugs.

She had learned of a home for retired persons in Philadelphia. It was set up for elderly people who were physically well. There were beautiful grounds, social activities, movies and concerts. And the companionship of others. To be admitted the client had to turn over to the home whatever savings she had, plus a weekly fee. She thought about doing this. But it was a strange place. The terror of giving up the known and familiar, though barren and empty, was too much for her. Not this year, she thought. Perhaps next year she'd try to get used to the idea. Next year never came. She died alone in her room. It was five days before her body was discovered by the superintendent who had come to check a leaking faucet. When his knock went unanswered, he had let himself in.

It is not merely a matter of age. The loveless exist wherever life may be. They are the obviously scarred or the seemingly well, the wounded with the scar hidden; they are married or single, in and out of careers, in and out of marital beds or motel adventures, all touched by that shadow of having been denied, forgotten, unblessed.

Here, in a large, pleasant apartment, was a young, middle-aged woman, attractive, educated, urbane. The woman had a restless, undefined statement of purpose: She said she wanted to "live." Somehow her husband was in the way, he was not allowing her personality to develop, he was not furnishing the excitement that she felt life should be giving her. Monotony was her lot. He was responsible. He had his cronies for poker and golf; she loved the theater and dancing. He would say to her, "What do you want? What exactly is it that you're missing, dear?" And she would stare at him helplessly, furiously, for she detected a slight sneer in his questions. She couldn't explain; he was simply, to her mind, not paying any real attention to her.

"We're now just a step away from a divorce. We're going through the ritual of lawyers and the financial wrestling. Love turning into money isn't



Photographs by Elliott Erwitt

an easy thing to watch. We meet to discuss things. I try to be casual toward the man I slept with for so many years. It's all unreal. The kids seem to be taking it well enough, but am I?" She sipped at her drink, and added after a moment, "It's different now. Men are different. I dress and go out, with friends or alone, and it's a little like Alice in Wonderland. I can tell what the men are thinking: Is she a pushover, or does she want to hook someone else? Not to mention the men friends of the family who have volunteered to appease my loneliness." She pondered the idea a moment, and lit a cigarette. "I'm a little scared. I've been one of those faithful wives. It isn't easy to switch your habits or your morals. I'm used to having someone around, next to me in bed. This sudden dating is weird, like going out on a lion hunt. You've got to watch the bushes every minute. The love game on the outside is no joke. Sometimes . . . but I fight those thoughts of going back. You can't go back to what you ran away from. So I'm on my way, hoping. . . ."

The husband was amused, relieved, bitter. He had always prided himself on giving her the good things of life: home, travel, money. He was a successful businessman and heavily, almost continually, involved in business matters. There were weeks at a time when he had no more than a few hours at home each day; he considered that part of the grind. He took up golf purely for business reasons, to meet prospective clients, and never really enjoyed it. He

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wondered if he enjoyed anything in life. His marriage was another of those natural phenomena, like breathing; he did not attach any special significance to it, nor did he think specifically about love; he assumed it was the reason for marrying. He knew his wife was contemptuous of many of his friends and their wives, so that their social life was never relaxed. She had one thing on her mind: corruption. She saw the entire business world as corrupt, and him, therefore, as tainted. He brooded about this. He took some courses in a night-college extension program. History of Art. Origins of Civilization. He spoke vaguely of moving to Florida, then Arizona, where the business outlook seemed brighter; he thought this step might appease her. Then he did a strange thing. He took a leave from his work for an entire month and disappeared through the Southwest and into Mexico, where he picked up various women and sent back details of his adventures to his wife—including several snapshots of the women. He returned, offering not a word of explanation. "I can't explain it even to myself," he said thoughtfully, puffing on a cigar, impatiently flicking at the appointment pad on his desk. "I guess it was just something inside me that wanted out. Or maybe it was business pressure. I think it was home pressure mostly. Hell, I didn't understand the whole situation; it was getting peculiar, and then I went and did something peculiar. It keeps building up, and finally you just do something."

He sat back in his chair and continued ruefully. "Some people even kill each other. It's like, well, like walking through a pane of glass. There's a crash, and you know it's done, you can't put it together again. If you haven't the skill or luck at marriage, why struggle? No communication with one doesn't mean you won't make it with another. I see women suddenly all over the place, but I'll think twice before taking the plunge. Sure, I'll have a ball for a while, but I know inside that I failed. My ex-wife reminds me, the kids, friends, even my lawyer."

Where's the hope, where's the action, where's the love? The fancy bar or lowly corner tavern is

It is written nowhere in the heavens that every adult or child is fated to be loved.

waiting, the natural habitat of the loveless. Here they can be found in the semidarkness, pursuing the wraith of possibility. He or she may be alone again tomorrow, but today, tonight, is the chance.

Anyone can play. Come in and dream. It's a big, cold city or a small, dead town, and people get lonely in either place. So they come out of the cold, meet the chick leaning against the wall, the cowboy from New Jersey (he says), an adman telling how to bemuse the public, and someone who tried sky-diving. Lots of talk, the easy camaraderie of the displaced, and maybe he or she will wind up in somebody's bed or on the windy street—but there's the remembered taste of the group, the reassuring presence of others.

"You never know when you'll meet the right man," said the good-looking woman in her late 30's, taking a slow sip at her drink. "You meet all kinds of people here. All kinds of propositions, but no real takers, if you know what I mean." She was a secretary, living alone, and had never been inside a bar unescorted until a year ago with a girl friend. "I don't come here to get drunk. I'm a light drinker, matter of fact. I suppose you'd call it an escape. I'm in church organizations too. I have to keep circulating. Because, if I get discouraged, well, that's the end." It seemed that her girl friend had met a wealthy older man and got married. She began to take in the bars alone. After a while it seemed completely natural. "It's the one place where you're immediately accepted. I mean the nice respectable bars, not the dives. There are the quiet serious drinkers off to themselves. But the majority are trying to make something work, themselves maybe, trying to get something going in their lives. The way I am. It's discouraging. Most men are out for one-night stands. And there are lots of chicks for competition. A man on the prowl will go for the chicks first. If he goes for me, well, that's another problem. I'm not that young I can take 'em on trial. It's not my character, anyway. So I have to be double careful. And the men have that radar, they know just by looking at you what the stakes are. I guess I don't look like the quickie type. So it's mostly conversation, but I'll take that. I keep hoping somebody will get through to me, because I'm an attractive person really. I'd like to get married, that's my dream. I waited for the right man just a bit too long, like maybe a good ten years too long.

"Now you might say I'm hungry. I try not to show it. It's better not to be hungry. Because they see that on your face, those smart men. I have to pretend I'm just as cool as they are. So it's small talk, and love talk, that nice loose bar talk, and I wonder, will any of 'em get through to me, because I'm hungry. I'm dying inside."

Somehow, in this vast churning of souls, the anguish of those alone and in longing, the drive for human contact goes endlessly on. There is the twilight search, men and women with the flush of youth behind them, needing the companionship that alone can make life bearable. Here victories are no longer sought, but the grace of a slowly losing battle.

In the quiet, unhurried salons, the subdued lighting of the art galleries, the city offers them a meeting place. "Yes, there are many women—I would not call them young—who are approachable, and even welcome an approach, in galleries or museums." My informant was a man who looked a vigorous 60, with strong features to offset his white hair. He continued, "One must be careful about it. These women are not the usual pickups. But they are often alone and can be engaged in conversation. I have had a number of charming afternoons with these women. We would go out for tea, or a drink, and chat. Sex was not involved." He smiled, and continued ruefully. "Sex does not solve loneliness. It is enough for many of us merely to be in the company of others, to be allowed to enter, as it were, into the life of another. It helps pass the time. Time is the enemy."

It is written nowhere in the heavens (or on earth) that every man or woman is fated to be loved, or is capable of offering that gift to others. Many seem to be able to adjust to living outside of that circle, which may or may not confound the psychiatrist or social worker. There are alternatives, there are substitutes and sublimations. Some of the loveless thrive upon power, discover lost cities, build dams and compose music; their love may be buried in their work. Millions of women have given up skirts for trousers, motherhood for careers, bringing the classic battle of the sexes out of the bedroom and into the world of desks, phones and ambitions.

A successful woman executive in her early 40's was relaxed about "the problem." Intelligent, competent, she had climbed the ladder the hard way, by knowing her work and delivering. Generous and loyal in her relationships, she would as easily baby-sit as go on an African safari, and had done both. She had always been fearless, and one might say alarmingly efficient. She liked to get things done, and if it took all night to do it, then she would simply make it a 24-hour day. Perhaps she was too busy for romance or was busy in order to escape it. The face she offered to the world was cheerful and engaging; if there was a darker side,

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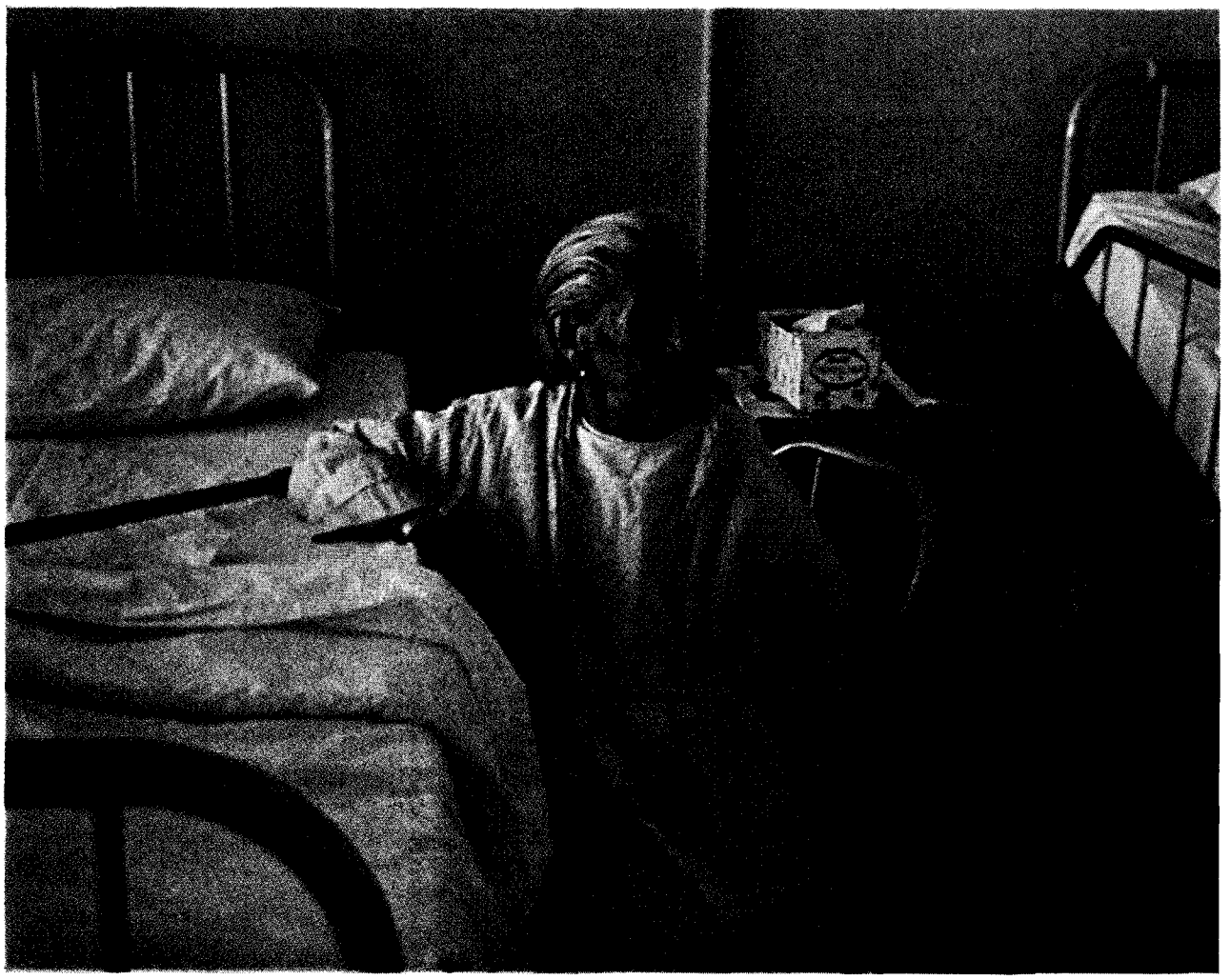
she kept it turned inward. "I finally saw the light. I got rid of my cats and birds and fish, sold my big double bed, put in a single bed, and began to get adjusted. I missed getting married several times, once right at the altar almost. There were always reasons. The men turned out badly. But I picked the men, and I suppose I'm at fault there. Maybe I'm not cut out for love. Or maybe the men are changing, less loyal, less certain, as I get a bit older. Or, why not say it, maybe I'm not the type men fall in love with to stay? Maybe I'm too challenging. Some of my friends hint that." She smiled, full of charm and challenge. Perhaps the opposite challenge was not found, that precise chemical or psychic response that draws the sexes together.

The search for love is the desperate anxiety of youth. Nothing is more frightening to them than the idea that they may remain among the loveless. And so they grope in an affluent, confused society, seeking those symbols that give them an outward proof of desirability. The guitar, the motorcycle, the beard, marijuana, the hip clothes, the sexual pose, and the new "trip"—LSD. The "trip"—getting out, getting away from the bomb, Vietnam, all the mendacity of civilization.

He was about 19, handsome, surly, smoking fitfully and without real pleasure, a status smoker. He wore a sport jacket over a T-shirt, dungarees and modified boots. He had just been visiting a neighbor. He always visited neighbors and friends at evening, about at dinnertime, on the theory he might be invited for dinner. The theory worked. He was arrogant but likable, just a bit more of the likable to turn the scales. He had finished high school with honors but did not want to continue with college. Pleased with his rejection after a college interview, he described it: "I just stood there with a little smile on my face, I looked right at the dean, I mean through him with my truth ray, y'know?—and he melted. He passed me on and out. Because he read me, man, he read me. And I was saying with my eyes, Jack you are part of a fruitcake machine, you are all nuts from the top man down, and I am not joining your establishment, thank you." The young man laughed. He felt there was nothing more "they" could teach him, he wanted to find things out for himself, and he kept quoting Emerson and Thoreau about character and how society was the enemy and nonconformity the true badge of the individual. He read carefully, unendingly, and could play it all back at someone else's dinner table, which he did very often. "I tell you sometimes I feel I'm kooky, they're hemming me in, all the creeps and Madison Avenue boys, but they won't get me, I'll outsmart them. They won't brainwash this guy." And he laughed gaily, perhaps too loudly, as though frightened at the possibility of being caught by "them," and being punished somehow.

He was not taken for the draft, and this too pleased him. He reveled in his rejected status. He considered it a victory over "them." The "them" referred undoubtedly to all the forces he could not explain, including those that deprived him of both his parents when he was 10 years old. Now "they" were trying to get him—but he was going to outwit them.

No one knew exactly with whom he lived; at times it was with a remote relative, at other times in a furnished room. As he grew up, he would often drop in at different houses at the end of the day, staying on for dinner, and if invited, for the night. He worked at odd jobs in town (pop. 80,000) as grocery clerk, gas-station attendant, truck delivery helper. He never made any real friends, though he was friendly enough. He tried pot for a while, then the guitar, gave up pot, kept the guitar for kicks. He would visit a neighbor's house, sit quietly in the living room and pick the strings, softly, urgently, his soiled, untrained fingers finding an uncanny song, as the untaught instinctive emotion flared up and down the strings, stabbing out, sobbing, a speech known only to himself, and then only half-known. Over and over he began, his eyes closed now, trying to find that same litany, finding it, a heartbreak song, repeating it, plucking the strings, a wild self-flagellation, not letting go until the song echoed off in a flurry of fingers, fading into silence. He stared awhile at the floor. "I just got too many things on my mind, too many ways to go. I gotta work it out before it rocks me. This head doc is OK, maybe he'll straighten me out. Somebody better, man." And his short laugh, appealing, frightened, struck the air like a gong.



These are the maimed, sons and daughters of the domestic tragedies who bear the mark of the loveless. Bewildered by the labyrinth, the landscape without maps, shorn even of pity, they must find their way in a culture cluttered with old moralities, old leaders, old wars.

Americans like to believe that dreams come true. We are a dream nation; everybody wins. No one has bothered to make a count of the severest losers, those children stricken with the disease that does not show, those utterly discarded, literally cast away from human warmth, left on doorsteps, benches, in churches, subway trains and garbage pails. They are the loveless almost beyond redemption; the comforting arms of teachers, social workers and nuns cannot heal the scars. These children can be seen in the orphanages and foundling homes, some left by destitute parents, others simply abandoned; everyone tries hard to bring back to them that which seems lost forever.

There, seated in an institution of mercy, is a two-year-old boy. He was found in an alleyway a year ago. He is sipping a cup of milk, his mouth glued to the cup, his head rigidly held in one position; he will not reply to the simplest questions. His eyes are all that move, sharply, secretly throwing glances in every direction. One has to be alert to notice those quick, darting eyes. The woman in charge explains: "At first we thought he was deaf, because we couldn't get any reaction from him. But an examination and careful observation showed he had perfect hearing. It was his social response that had been crippled. He hears everything, but pretends that he doesn't. It's as though he's in hiding, inside his own secret shell."

The child is watching us from the cave of his eyes. He doesn't react; to react would be to reach out, to respond, but the child cannot yet do this. He has cut himself off, as though he were reliving the fear of those hours in the alleyway where he was left, perhaps to die. Part of the child is in fact dead. "We have had some slight improvement," says the woman in charge. "We are trying to place him with a good, sympathetic couple we know of, and we'll hope for the best."

Is there an ending? There doesn't seem to be. The search continues. The seekers look for answers; others merely wait, hoping that accident or fate will somehow save them. Still others accept the loss, finding solace in the innumerable details that keep life on its course.

There is no ending, Man gropes toward his human brother, supposing in his secret heart that love is the only reality, the only salvation. □

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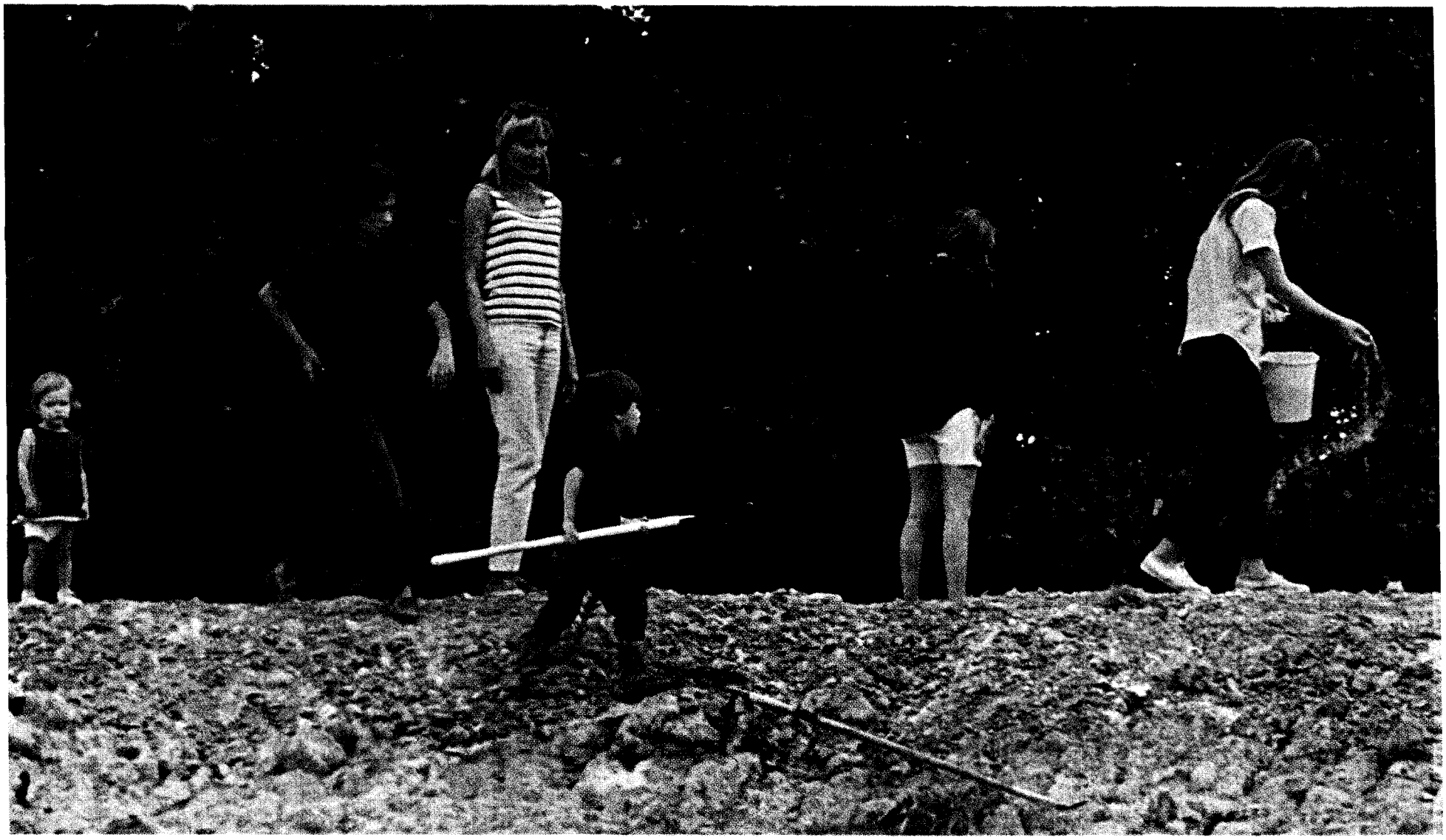
LOVE RUNS IN THE



Tom and Mollie Lyman and their children work together sowing grass on a piece of land that they own. They will build a house on it when they get a loan. They live a few miles away in

Even a brief walk through the woods can grow long for short legs—Sophia manages to find transportation.

The Lymans touch each other—while she is talking, Mollie idly places a hand on Michael's shoulder.

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FAMILY

arbondale, Illinois, where Tom teaches at Southern Illinois University.

Whatever the occasion, there's time and attention for anyone who needs it — in this case, it's Sophia.

It's hopelessly old-fashioned—all of it. Tom Lyman is "Papa," Mollie is "Mama," and the children—all six—are obedient: they help with whatever needs doing, and when they're fresh they're sent to their rooms, and they go. They sing grace before meals. They do things together, simple, fundamental things like seeding grass around a pond on the acreage where they hope one day to build a home. Their love for one another also is fundamental. They touch each other. They turn to each other for help, with a personal crisis or just homework. They don't pretend to be perfect. They squabble; words are spoken in anger, tears are shed. And there's no money cushion—an associate professor's pay divided by eight does not equal affluence. What they have is love—a bottomless well of it—and that's how Tom and Mollie Lyman and the six Lyman children live together at 808 Main Street, Carbondale, Illinois.

Photographs by Declan Haun

When everyone is tired from a big, typical Lyman day, it's good to gather around for family reading.

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Even a horseback ride can be shared. Stephany rides well, does better solo, but Michael's obvious sheer joy makes her happy to take him along on the ride.

Marea wanted the rope, and she wanted to get it herself, but it was too high. As is almost always the case, there was a sister to help—Mela gives the boost.

LOVE RUNS IN THE FAMILY *continued*

When the weather turns, even Sophia has to wear clothes. And they can be difficult with their buttons and zippers and hooks and tabs. Marea provides the assistance.

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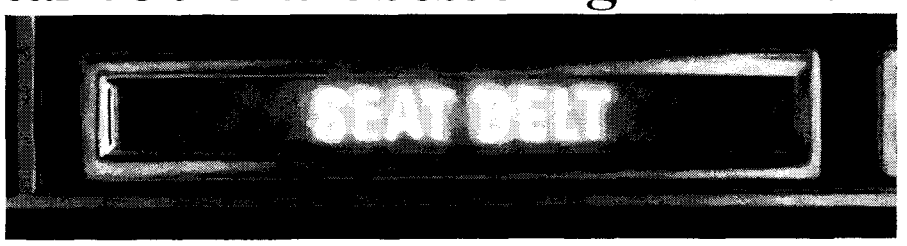
We can't be there to fasten Johnny's seat belt before you start...

But we can do the next best thing with a better idea.



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LOVE RUNS IN THE FAMILY—II

ON BEING THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

'Here I am, a member of the club at last.
For there is a club, of course: the commonwealth of the vulnerable,
the committed, the exposed,
the brotherhood of those who by loving have put themselves
at the mercy of the gods.'

BY PETER S. BEAGLE

This is about being in love, and being married, and being a father. It is also, inevitably, about being a writer. These four sides do not contain me, but they do give me a shape of sorts, and they do pretty well sum up all that I truly know of this world at the age of 27. All the rest is literature, as Verlaine said.

My wife Enid had been married twice before we met. She brought me two daughters and a son, a dying piano, six parakeets, a 1957 Chevrolet, and a reasonably complete set of Dostoevski. My own gift to the bride was an amiable young man who meant no one any harm, who had been to Europe, had published one book and read far too many and who had never in his life borne any greater responsibility than dressing himself and dodging traffic. In Las Vegas they were giving 18 to 1, and no takers—except Enid.

I was about to write that today I cannot imagine not being married to this woman, not having these children. But in fact I can imagine it very clearly and it terrifies me. That comes with loving: the "pity beyond all telling," the fear of the random world that strikes downward in me when the top of my son's head goes past the window. *Luck, luck, it is luck that protects them, not I. What if we had been born black? or Vietnamese? What if a car, a fool, a maniac, what if something happened to me?* For I too am valuable now, I too am something to lose. Our vulnerability is all mixed up together.

I make our living as a free lance, writing articles, stories and reviews for various magazines. This pays the rent, feeds and clothes us all, buys *hard-cover* books, takes care of the vet bill for 13 cats and a dog with a large enemy next door, and allows me to write novels that do not sell to the movies without worrying about it. I work in the bedroom during the rainy season, and in an old stable down the hill when it's warm.

It is a good life, but it has its drawbacks for a man presumably concerned with observing people and writing about them. An old friend said to us last night, "You don't live in the world—you live in Beagleland," and it is true. I like what I do, have what I need, and read too much. I have never learned what it is like to hate what I do, have less than I need, and watch TV too much. I am neither a recluse nor a Candide; but by instinct and inclination I seem to have kept the world from getting much of a grip on me. The converse is obvious. I understand a lot of things about the world, but I don't know much.

But the world comes to me in its own manner these days. It stands at my closed door, against its mother's strict orders, and asks, "Pete, will you play with me?" It is hungry, it is thirsty, it has to go to the bathroom, it wants a story about a mouse and a bearskin rug, it asks what a war is. It is unhappy for no reason that I can see. It has to be picked up after school, its face leaping at me out of a covey of other people's worlds. It hugs me when I wasn't expecting to be hugged. It needs help in setting the table, moving furniture, feeding the goats. It hits its sister, fusses over who gets the marrowbone, screams bloody murder because a toy it didn't want until then

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is being played with by someone else. It loses a beloved kitten to distemper, and is frighteningly good about it all day; until, getting into its pajamas, it says softly, "But Lolita was so *pretty*," and it is crying.

Above all, it is there, real and present, all day, every day, whether I want it to be there or not, and God knows I don't always. My life is a slow process of making things real, making them continue to exist when my back is turned. It is my worst failing, this dangerous solipsism, but it is also one reason why I write: to create the world line-by-line, to find a way in, a handhold. For all I know, no one else in the world has this problem, but I wonder. Could we all go on treating people the way we do if we believed that they were real?

Enid, Vicki, Kalisa and Danny—my instant family—are my hold on the world, and the world's hold on me. Before they came, I think, I slept through my relationships with others, as I did through my childhood and my schooling. But their existence keeps me awake. There is no way to turn them off, to unplug them, to make them disappear. They will suffer if I don't take care of them, and so will I. This fact—and I possess few others—is simultaneously aggravating, frustrating, frightening and dizzyingly sweet. I am very glad that I don't feel that way about any other people. What would the world be like for a man who felt that way about everybody?

For, even at its kindest and deepest, it is a lonely feeling. Not until you want to help do you realize how little help you can give; not until you truly wish to pass into another person's skin can you know how separate even lovers are. Danny twists and moans inside a nightmare, sitting up with his eyes open, but still asleep, calling for his mother, who is holding him on her lap. Kalisa weeps over a clay sculpture that is impossible for an eight-year-old to make, but not to visualize. Vicki is a young girl now, and who can help a young girl except by checking over her homework, and making the house a good place for her? Enid is tired, and I cannot be tired for her; her back hurts, and I cannot take the pain into my own body. Loving makes you aware that the ones you love are suffering, and that love will not help, not just then. This awareness is the gift and the price tag together.

Love and creativity are two of America's favorite fantasies; and, like most American dreams, they end at the real beginning. The girl and the publisher say *yes I will yes*. And then the wise alarm clock goes off. People dream of being writers, of being in love; but not of writing, not of loving. I dream of being a great guitarist, but never of studying scale patterns. In the dream I already know all that stuff.

But I do know something about daily love, because it is not a dream for me. It is an atmosphere, a medium in which I move, and out of which I don't breathe well. In our house, the children and the cats have grown up being played with, being teased, being yelled at, being swatted, being threatened with sudden and permanent death—but always, always being handled, being held. And I have grown to recognize children—and adults, and cats—who have not been held enough; who may never have been obviously hurt or damaged, but who have never learned to love. They want to, very often, very much, but they don't know how.

I used to believe that attributing the higher emotions to the lower animals was Albert Payson Terhune sentimentality; but I hadn't lived around animals much then, or, really, around people. We have a dog and a pigeon who love each other. They were both here when we moved into the house, three and a half years ago, and I know almost nothing of their history. The dog I can understand: he is frantic for affection, for contact. Teams of fondlers working in eight-hour shifts wouldn't satiate him; and he wouldn't leave a car or a xylophone or a stove alone if he conceived it to be capable of kindness. It is as though he had once been terribly cold, and now can never get warm enough.

But the pigeon is another matter. She is tough, businesslike, huge (she eats the dog's food) and no seeker of human attention, though she does like to have someone run a bath for her now and then. She fears nothing, neither cats nor hawks, and she needs no one. Yet she follows the dog wherever he goes—down to the mailbox with me, or into hopeless battle with that Kodiak bear of a dog next door. She nuzzles him, preens him as she would another bird, and sleeps with him, so close that his flank crushes her tail feathers. When he spent three days at the vet's, the pigeon looked everywhere for him. She would light on the car—which she never does—as soon as we came home from town; remembering, I think, that we had taken the dog away in the car. And when he returned, she wouldn't let him out of her sight for days.

I don't know what I could say to the pigeon if the dog ever did get killed. I worry about that even more than I do about losing him.

Daily love, daily writing; making a living, making a life. Few fantasies are possible, few poses are shatterproof or Sanforized. Enid hasn't gotten enough sleep for the last few nights, and that makes her bitchy. My novel isn't going well, and that makes me bitchy. The kids get enough sleep—they've just all been on edge all day. The damn car—what are we going to do about the damn car? If I get an advance, if I do that interview with Huckleberry Hound, that review of Matt Dillon's memoirs. I shouldn't have yelled at Danny, but I just felt like yelling. I'd better volunteer to bring the laundry in. It's either that or pick up in the kids' room.

But when the work stalls, it is generally because my imagination has taken the day off, leaving me frozen into one narrow way of seeing things. Everything suffers when the imagination goes. The book will straighten itself out tomorrow—and Danny has forgiven me already. I know this.

Daily love. You develop a kind of instinct for what works and what doesn't, for the time to stand on principle and the time to leave it alone, the time to roar and the time to hug. Tell the kids a *Jungle Book* story, let Enid lie down for a few minutes. It doesn't keep you from making mistakes, but it keeps them from mattering very much.

It's the same with writing every day, trying both to eat and to have fun. This verb, not that one; this image, the other doesn't move. This paragraph just doesn't *look* like a paragraph. The scene in the bar is wrong; I don't know why, but that's where the whole story starts to go to hell. You can cut that whole page and the piece will feel 20 pounds leaner. Start the thing over; there's no other way. Try to remember how it was.

You work as hard as you feel like working, and you learn as much as you can. The rest is a matter of how carefully you chose your parents.

When I was a child I thought—as all the grown children of my acquaintance say they thought too—that the line between Big and Little was definable. It was an age, 18, 21, 30; it was scratchy skin, beer, books, staying up late, going to meetings, playing pinochle; it was a club, into whose rites and codes and secrets I would be admitted when the time came. Then I would understand, not only what it was they were all laughing at, or what it was that wouldn't interest me; but also how to be the way they were—confident, able to act, sure of my relationship to everyone, sure of the grown-up thing to do. An authority-figure, as we say.

I never actually found out in one third-act revelation that this wasn't so. I kept on waiting to be called to manhood, gradually growing alarmed as I was more often compelled to act like a true member of the club. I still hadn't learned any of the passwords and countersigns—or even to tie a tie so it looked right—and I was certain to be found out the moment I tried to speak the language. Worse, if I married and had children (and I really could, if I wanted to, and I did want to), how would I know how to be with them, what to say to them? How long would it be before they too found me out? Wasn't there at least some book I could read? I did have an adult's library card.

Today—well, today I am pretty much resigned to the fact that there is no such fraternity of grown-ups, and that we are all impostors whose only edge over our children lies in our age and weight. I invent justice and dispense it, I give reasons, I advise, I explain, I influence, I act, because for a little while they will need an Indian guide who seems to have been this way before. And I love them, which may make it a bit easier when they come to realize that I was faking the rest of it, and that now it is their turn to fake it, to be crafty old Indian guides. But I still believe, somewhere, that when I am 35, 40, 70, I will at last know what I'm doing.

In the meantime, here I am, a member of the club at last. For there is a club, of course: the commonwealth of the vulnerable, the committed, the exposed, the brotherhood of those who by loving have put themselves at the mercy of the gods. It may be the one thing we have in common, our single sting of recognition, but it is real. In the dreamy days when I loved nobody, I would have found it easier to look at those newspaper photographs of Vietnamese mothers and fathers trying to keep their children from being afraid.

And that is all I know about love—living with the routine of it and the sudden strangeness of it; learning what you are and finding out that you can be something else, something you once believed all grown-ups were, when you have to. That's all I know about writing, too. When I learn anything more about either one, I'll tell you. □

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THE

To help nature take its course,

Many years ago an elderly gentleman named Wrightson Christopher went to Boston to borrow some money. He was president of an obscure little company called Rust Craft Greeting Cards, and he needed the money to build a new plant. The Boston bankers found this gentle, white-haired visitor rather amusing. They were used to dealing with the square-jawed men you see on the covers of business magazines, captains of great thundering industries like steel and textiles. "My dear sir," sourly chuckled one banker, a man held rigid in a tightly buttoned suit and stiff collar, "what assurance can you offer that people will continue to buy your valentines, your roses and ribbons, your little verses?"

Regarding the banker with mild blue eyes, Christopher replied: "When God stops putting hearts and feelings into people, sir, then my market will evaporate. My business is built on the one thing in the world that you can count on as lasting. I refer to love, sir. Love."

Ah, love! What could the poor banker say? Perhaps, back in his looser-collared youth, he too had once sent a valentine to a lady. Wrightson Christopher got his loan and built his plant, and today Rust Craft grosses some $40 million a year.

As Christopher promised, love has lasted. There are few sounder businesses on earth, in fact, than those built on love. Markets may crash, great financial towers may crumble away. Yet the pale romantic moon is always there, and the stars and the soft summer breezes and the whisperings of the heart. Love—and the Love Industry—goes on. Every year millions of Americans spend billions of dollars to find love, to catch it, to keep it.

The time is late evening. Some three dozen men and women are gathered in a large, high-ceilinged room in Manhattan. On a stage before them are what appear to be six disembodied female heads. They are cut off at the neck by black, plastic capes. Beneath the capes are the rest of the six women who have agreed to let their hair be blonded—for free—as part of the class for beauticians given by Clairol, the world's largest maker of hair-coloring products. The heads look apprehensive, but no one seems to care. To the students and the instructress, a poised young woman in a black smock, they are simply a row of scalps.

"Now, look at this," says the instructress. She combs out a hank of one subject's hair and holds it up. The hair has dark roots. Next to the dark area is a band of very light blond, and the remainder of the hair is pale orange. "What would you say caused this light band?" the instructress asks. The students decide it was caused by some inept bleaching procedure in the past. The instructress nods and explains how the error could have been avoided. Occasionally she taps the subject's skull with a comb to emphasize a point. The subject, a housewife in her 40's, looks ready to cry. Nobody notices.

Finally, three hours after it began, the ordeal is over. The six heads are gorgeously, shiningly blond. The black robes come off, and there stand six reborn women, smiling at their mirrored reflections with utter delight. "I love it!" says a 40-year-old housewife. "Oh, I *love* it!" She has been given treasures of incalculable worth: youth, beauty, a

Experts at Jantzen stage an advertising photograph for the expanding, billion-dollar bra-and-girdle market.

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MERCHANTS OF VENUS

the love industry sells everything from the first hello to the honeymoon. By MAX GUNTHER

new chance at love. But the instructress and her students aren't even looking. They are talking about the next night's lesson.

The U.S. Census Bureau says there are some 150,000 beauty shops in this country. Selling their treasures with a nonchalance that sometimes seems close to outright boredom, they gross some two billion dollars a year.

Other merchants of hair beauty also find business brisk. In 1965, American women bought $150 million worth of hair colorings to use at home—six times as much as in 1955. Men bought an estimated $10 million worth, but manufacturers hope to goad that reluctant market to new heights in the next few years. "After all," says a Clairol lady executive, "men need love too. Right?"

Right, and they are admitting it at last. The men's toiletries industry, after shuffling along morosely for a hundred years and selling almost nothing more imaginative than shave lotion, suddenly finds itself in boom times. American men bought so little body cologne 10 years ago that nobody bothered to compile statistics about it. Last year sales of male cologne reached $70 million—nearly half the sum spent on women's perfumes, colognes and toilet water. Colognes with swaggering names like Aphrodisia and Tiger Sweat have appeared on the market, as have male skin creams and false eyelashes. Eyebrow pencils and face colorings are under development.

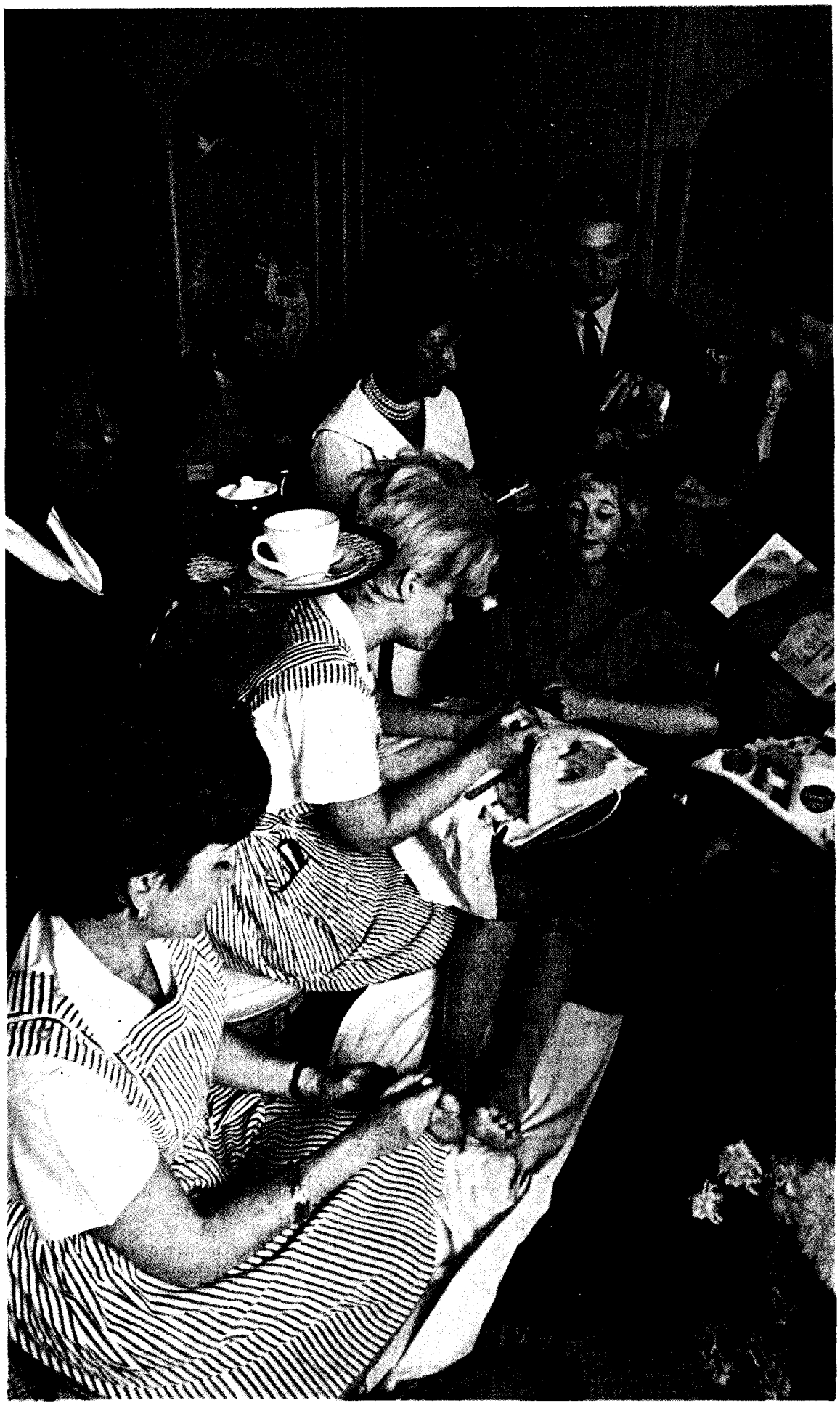
"Cosmetics? Well, it looks as if they're on the way," says George Mennen, president of the Mennen Co. Even he appears to wince very slightly as he says it. Mennen is a big, muscular, outdoor kind of man. He smells faintly of Skin Bracer. He is in his 40's, a member of a generation that may never fully make its peace with the eyebrow pencil. Yet his company, a major toiletries maker, will probably feel obliged to sell such products if its competitors do—and, indeed, is already thinking of introducing a men's hair-coloring product.

"People thought shave lotions were odd when they first appeared in the 1930's," Mennen recalls. "Guys were reluctant to smell like that until they discovered girls liked the smell. That's the big question you ask about any new idea in this business. Will the girls like it?"

The girls, meanwhile, are not assailed by doubts about what the boys will like. *Drug Topics*, a trade publication, says American women bought $180 million worth of lipstick and $35 million worth of eye and eyebrow makeup in 1965—respectively three times and four times as much as in 1955. They also turned increasingly to more drastic measures in the quest for pretty faces. It is estimated that three times as many American men and women—mostly women—visited cosmetic surgeons in 1965 as in 1955 to have their faces lifted, ears flattened or other features changed.

Did this win them love? It depends. A young girl sits in the office of a renowned plastic surgeon in San Francisco. She has her face in her hands and she is crying. Her figure is attractive. Her large dark eyes are beautiful, even in tears. Her nose . . .

The doctor grips the arms of his swivel chair tightly. With every passing year, he hears more and more stories like this, and with every telling he finds it harder to control his anger. Nature had



For $35, a relaxed customer gets remodeled and refurbished, head to toe, in New York's House of Revlon.

Photographs by Harvey Lloyd

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given the girl a large nose. She had managed to become engaged, but then her best friend—a girl with a small, upturned nose that everybody said was cute—stole the man away from her. Heartsick, she went to a doctor who specialized in operating on noses—fast and cheap.

A nose-remodeling, or rhinoplasty, is usually not a difficult operation. The doctor works from inside the nostrils, leaving the outer skin intact. No matter how clumsy a man he is, he can usually promise that there will be no external scars. But a good cosmetic surgeon does not worry about just the nose. He tries to bring it into balance with the other features of the face. He is an artist as well as a surgeon.

The girl who now sits crying in the artist-surgeon's office has learned this too late. The production-line doctor has cut down her nose too much. Next to her large eyes and full lips, it is grotesquely small. She looks like a Walt Disney rabbit.

It cost her $400 to have this damage done. The plastic surgeon will have to charge her another $750 or more to rebuild her nose. He doesn't enjoy this kind of repair work. But over the past few years, nearly one third of his practice has been devoted to salvaging faces damaged by a growing horde of incompetents and quacks.

On the rim of Chicago stands the headquarters of A. Stein & Co., maker of Perma-Lift brassieres and girdles. The chief designer is a cheerful lady named Marion Lukas, who likens the creation of a good bra to that of a suspension bridge ("you deal with stresses and strains") and who tends to speak of herself more as an engineer than as a fashion-designer.

A dark-haired model named Jeanne walks into the office, chilly but unabashed in panty-girdle and bra. The bra is a new experimental type, intended to be introduced next year if its engineering problems can be solved. It is designed to be worn with plunging necklines and has a deep square notch in the middle so that it will not show. It has been giving Marion Lukas trouble. She and another designer, Jane Braun, have reengineered it at least a dozen times, and each time some new stress or strain has gone wrong.

As Jeanne approaches, Marion and Jane look at the troublesome bra with new hope. Then their smiles die. The bra still isn't right. Now the sides of the notch aren't lying flat.

Marion scratches her head with a pencil and glares at the notch. "You stinker," she says.

Jane pushes the bra around, inserts some pins. "Maybe this way?"

Marion tinkers some more. "Yes . . . yes, maybe . . ."

They stand back and look. Ah! The notch lies flat. The bra seems to fit snugly at last, its stresses and strains opposing each other in perfect balance. Marion and Jane begin to smile.

But Jeanne does not smile. She utters what may be the most dreaded word in the entire foundation-garment industry. Apologetically, but with conviction, she says, "Ouch."

The notched bra may have to be recut and resewn a dozen more times before it is ready to present to the buying public. In its final form, as with almost all bras and girdles, it will represent a compromise between aesthetics and ouch. The majority of women buying it will find it comfortable. Some won't, but they will wear it for the sake of an attractive figure.

The Corset & Brassiere Association finds its own figures attractive too. Last year the industry sold some 230 million bras and 90 million girdles for a total retail value of nearly one billion dollars.

The educational director of the Nancy Taylor Secretarial & Finishing Schools, a charming lady named Mary Ruth Sheff, stands in a long, mirror-walled room and talks about womanly perfection. The place is one of a national network of Taylor schools, which give courses to some 40,000 young women a year. "We teach a girl to make the most of herself," says Mary Ruth. "We teach her to be the most exquisite creature she can possibly be."

'My business is built on the one thing in the world that you can count on as lasting. I refer to love, sir. Love.'

A group of 15 nearly exquisite creatures sit in chairs along one wall of the room. Their ages range from the late teens to the mid-20's. The day's lesson is how to walk properly, and such corollary subjects as room-entering and desk-approaching.

The atmosphere is giggly with nervous tension. One misplacement of a foot, one momentary lapse into clumsiness may mean failure at some crucial moment later on—failure to land a good job and with it a good man. The girls seem to share a single magnificent dream. They want to marry executives. They see themselves set like jewels in some gracious world of upper-middle suburbia, charming their husbands' business associates at night with champagne and the soft glow of candles.

A pretty girl named Kate takes her turn on the floor. The teacher tells her to demonstrate the correct way of opening a door and leaving a room. Kate picks up her handbag, walks to the door and does a pirouette with the studious care of a young dancer executing a difficult ballet step. The rules say you should face into the room and slide around the door backward. Kate is doing fine when—alas!—something starts to go wrong. She has failed to plan ahead for the handbag. She has it in the wrong hand, or is switching hands at the wrong moment, or something. She fumbles with it. The strap gets caught on the door handle, and Kate stands there, hung up and paralyzed.

The other students laugh in sympathetic embarrassment. They want Kate to know they understand. Pretty Kate, don't worry, you will have no trouble getting a man. But Kate does worry. She will tolerate no flaws in her meticulously engineered, jewel-like presence. She will go home tonight and practice with that damned handbag until it never gets in her way again.

A year's worth of this lovability training costs a girl about $1,000. She leaves with high hope. She has learned not only how to deport herself but how to fix her hair and how to choose the proper makeup and the right clothes.

But then what? It does little good to be an exquisite creature if there is nobody to notice. What if no man appears? What if she finds herself alone, a jewel sparkling unnoticed in the night?

The name of the place is T.G.I. (for "Thank God It's") Friday's. It is a small, dimly lit night spot in New York and it is tightly packed with young men and women, most of them standing. The effect is much like that of a large, loud, densely overcrowded cocktail party, but there is a strange and special tension in the air. Dateless, single men and women come to Friday's with the unblushing desire to meet each other.

"I don't really understand this place," admits co-owner Al Stillman. He stands in a corner with a weak drink, shouting to be heard. He is 28, dark, handsome, unmarried. He opened Friday's two years ago, intending only that it should be a gathering place for the young-adult crowd, not foreseeing that it would gain a reputation as a singles' meeting center. When it began to drift in that direction, he encouraged the process, selling drinks at half-price to unescorted girls. He controls the nature of his clientele with great care. He doesn't want girls under 21 or men under 24 in the place. It is for single people with jobs. Among his patrons tonight he points out a young lawyer, an airline stewardess, a secretary, an advertising copywriter and a young executive starting the long climb in corporate management.

Behind the bar four young bartenders rush to pour their euphoric fluids into the crowd. The stuff they sell is the love industry's principal and most highly valued chemical. It loosens the jammed gates of iron prudence.

"May I talk to you?" a shy young man asks a girl near the bar.

She flashes him a smile brilliant with teeth and eyes. "That's what I'm here for," she says.

Al Stillman watches over the scene with paternal pride and wonder. "I tell you," he says, "I just don't understand this place."

In a large, soberly decorated executive conference room, half a dozen men sit solemnly around a dark oak table. They are dressed almost identically in dark business suits, earnest white shirts and quiet ties. Portraits of their company's founding fathers gaze down upon them watchfully from the walls.

One of the younger men stands, scoops a sheaf of legal-looking papers from the table, adjusts his glasses and begins to read in a soft, sincere voice:

"My darling, when I think of you. . . ."

An editorial meeting of a typical greeting-card company has begun. Valentine sentiments written by staff and free-lance poets are being considered for publication. In the coming valentine season, cardmakers will sell millions of these sweet nothings to people in all the various stages of love, from those who have newly met at Friday's to those married 40 years.

Every year, Americans pay some $700 million for more than seven billion greeting cards. The biggest card company in the world is Hallmark of Kansas City, which manufactures some seven million cards every day of the year. Perhaps the most appropriately sentimental is Rust Craft, which once halted construction of a new plant when a confused duck laid its eggs in the foundation hole. Later a ferocious hurricane devastated the region. If construction hadn't been delayed, the building would have been half completed at the time and would have been severely damaged. Brushing a tear from its eye, the company noted that the duck had saved Rust Craft and its insurors several million dollars. "You see," old Wrightson Christopher used to say, "love pays."

A young man and a girl sit in a car outside a small white house on a Los Angeles city street. The young man is dark, slim and nervous; the girl is blond, pretty and nervous. They have sat in the car for a long time, apparently trying to decide upon a course of action. Finally they climb out, approach the house and ring the doorbell.

The man who answers is small and slight, with brown hair, blue eyes and a kind face. He wears a dark suit and a white-on-white tie. "Good afternoon," he says cordially.

The young man says, "Uh—" The girl nudges him with her hand. The young man says, "Uh, we—" and stops again.

The small man smiles comfortably. "Yes, this is the place," he says. "Come in."

A romance is about to lead to wedlock, one of the one and three-quarter million marriages a year in this country. The small man is the Rev. Dr. Robert E. Shaffer, who earns his living by marrying people in his own private chapel. California

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Volunteers who want to live their lives as blondes get their hair colored free at a Clairol clinic given for beauticians. Dateless men and women meet at a New York night spot (center) that caters to the unattached. Two of the 40,000 couples who marry annually in Las Vegas stand beside the cupid fountain of the Chapel of the Bells, where a wedding service is priced as low as $20.

law says that any adult minister in any religion may perform marriages in the state. Dr. Shaffer received his Doctor of Divinity degree from the Institute of Metaphysics in California. He is what is called an independent, or "solitary," minister—that is, one without a flock. Six years ago he bought a small frame house and converted it into the A Alpha Wedding Chapel, and this is now his calling and his business.

Dr. Shaffer regularly unites some 100 couples a month. He offers weddings in sizes to fit all budgets. For $10 the customers get a short ceremony ("but not too short—seven minutes, twice what a justice of the peace would give you"), recorded organ music, a moderate number of flowers and candles and the use of the bridal room. For $300 they get a lady bridal consultant, a profusion of flowers and candles, a white runner, an album of photographs and a reception out in the chapel garden for 150 guests. Included in the price are punch, a buffet meal, a three-tier cake and two hostesses. In addition to his fee, Dr. Shaffer collects commissions from florists, photographers, caterers, bridal dress shops and other members of the wedding industry.

In the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania live two happy young tycoons named Harold (Obie) O'Brien and Morris Wilkins. O'Brien is a big, hearty, red-haired man of 39; Wilkins is 41, dark, smaller and quieter. They smile all the time. Once they were obscure building contractors. Now they are the sole owners and operators of a place called Cove Haven, a lakeside resort that caters exclusively to honeymooners.

The resort consists of honeymoon cottages and a large, low, modernistic main lodge. Every Sunday a new group of about 65 newlywed couples checks in as last week's graduating class checks out. "They go through the experience as a group," explains Morris Wilkins. The week's experience costs each couple between $175 and $400, not including liquor.

There are five other "newlyweds-only" resorts in the Poconos, where the idea originated some two decades ago. Couples come to Cove Haven from Canada, California, Mexico. Huge red heart-shaped road signs direct them to the resort. Once arrived, they find hearts everywhere: heart-shaped swimming pools and menus and bathtubs, hearts painted on boats and snowmobiles. An ebullient social director named Bernie Miller plunges them into a week of virtually non-stop activity, spiced with honeymoon-type jokes and comments. (Every time a couple leaves a crowded room he sings, "We know where you're go-ing!")

O'Brien and Wilkins watch over this heart-shaped scene with the same mildly bewildered pride exhibited by Al Stillman at Friday's—a father's beaming wonder at the profound and mysterious thing he has created. Seated at a table in the rose-lighted Cove Haven cocktail lounge, O'Brien and Wilkins smile at the dreamy-eyed young couples and at each other. The two men look relaxed in rumpled sport shirts and baggy sweaters. They, too, are on a honeymoon of sorts. Their business marriage seems to have achieved a state of perpetual bliss. "We're the only good Jewish-Irish partnership in the Poconos!" shouts O'Brien, fondly dropping a large hand on his partner's shoulder. Morris Wilkins grins shyly. Love has made them millionaires.

"It's a wonderful business," says Wilkins.

"It's great!" shouts O'Brien. "The love business! Great!" □

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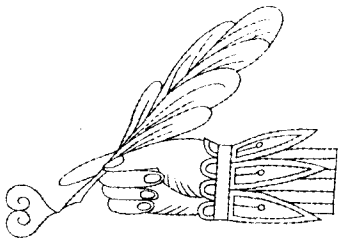
Editorial



Yes, yes, yes, *yes*

There is something wonderfully innocent about the way many citizens tell the visiting polltaker about their own happy marriages, the contented lives of their friends and neighbors and the misery of the rest of the country. According to the Roper poll on page 24 of this special issue, most Americans think there is less virtue and family closeness than a generation ago, but 52 percent add that they themselves are happily married and most say that their moral standards are high. It is always possible, of course, that nobody tells a polltaker any truth that matters, that the philandering husband or the fretful housewife would rather join the statistical legions of winners than blurt out a chronicle of sin and strife to a stranger with a questionnaire.

Still, we suspect that far too many of us rely, for our judgment on the state of the nation, not on our own sense of things but on a series of distorted impressions derived from the mass media—on news accounts of teen-age uproars and scandals among the jet set, on best sellers about libidinous actresses and TV serials about sin in small New England towns. In this issue, we have attempted, against all the probabilities, to redefine the indefinable, and to illustrate what can only be glimpsed, and to gain a new perspective on the most fundamental of all our emotions.

In THE SEVEN AGES OF LOVE, we attempt a photographic time exposure of love, from the unutterable need of the warm and fuzzy-haired infant to the unspoken touch that overcomes the wintry cold of old age. In Arthur Schlesinger's INFORMAL HISTORY, we attempt a verbal time exposure, capturing our evolving concepts of love and romance. In the map on page 40, we seek to locate love geographically, and in the poll on page 24, we approach it statistically. We have pursued it in prose and poetry, by computer and by cartoon. We have weighed it for dollar value and as pure fantasy. And we have sought it even in the vacuum of its absence, in the lives of those who wait in vain for love to find them.

"Love in America," we hopefully called this project—implying not only that we could describe and illustrate the ways of love but that these ways would be distinctly our ways, American ways. For if we, as a people, are different from all others, so our way of regarding one another must be different, and so, too, our way of loving one another. This does not mean that Americans are uniquely obsessed with love—though that charge is often made, along with the charge that we fail to understand our own obsession. No, we are sure that the Russian peasant loves his land as deeply as does any Wisconsin farmer, that the bride is as beloved in Tokyo as in St. Louis, the newborn baby as cherished in Buenos Aires as in Topeka. And if Americans talk about it more, well, perhaps we talk more about everything, crying out to the world to behold our virtues. But what is so American about Love in America? Nothing in particular, really. It was just here that we saw the rivers meet the water, and here that we founded our city.

If we have failed, and perhaps we have, it is because, as always, love conquers all, including all the designs of those who try to reproduce it within the printed pages of a magazine. Love remains free, a wild beast, seen but uncaptured. Love is all the things we have shown, but then again it is not. Love is not just the blind, uncomprehending rush of boys and girls toward one another, and neither is it the quieter communion of a family gathered around the fireplace. It is nothing so abstract as a desire to help the unfortunate, but neither can it be divorced from virtue. It is both selfish and altruistic, sensual and nonsensual, simple and complicated, of many different kinds and faces, all changing all the time—and yet it is permanent too. It is both sublime and perfectly commonplace, as elusive as an echo and as pervasive as God, in, around, and within us.

Since the first song was sung, it has been a function of poets to tell us about this feeling we call love. For this issue, we turned to a few poets, among them the celebrated Marianne Moore, and it seems fitting to conclude with her response:

LOVE IN AMERICA?

By Marianne Moore

Whatever it is, it's a passion—
a benign dementia that should be
engulfing America, fed in a way
  the opposite of the way
in which the Minotaur was fed.
It's a Midas of tenderness;
  from the heart;
nothing else. From one with ability
to bear being misunderstood—
  take the blame, with "nobility
  that is action," identifying itself with
  pioneer unperfunctoriness

  without brazenness or
  bigness of overgrown
  undergrown shallowness.

Whatever the deed, let it be without
  affectation.

Yes, yes, yes, *yes*.

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